

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6, 1894.

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See page 2.



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ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENWICK COLLIER,

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

How much has New York grown in wealth in half a century?

Well, the statistics of 1845 have recently been compared with those which properly represent the metropolis as it will be in 1895. It is putting it mildly to say that they are astonishing. Certainly no one would have believed them possible, had they been prophesied in 1845. In that year a man worth one hundred thousand dollars was called "wealthy." To-day such a qualification is thought fit for millionaires only. Yet in the period of half a century the proportion of citizens of large wealth to the whole population has diminished thirty per cent.

In the same time the population has increased ten-fold; the populated area of the city has expanded four-fold, until to-day it covers forty-one square miles. What a change from the time when Broadway practically ended at Fourteenth Street, and when A. T. Stewart was in his small dry-goods store on the west side of the great commercial thoroughfare, with the little old apple woman, who was the "mascotte" of the period, huddled in her box at his door!

In those days John Jacob Astor resided in Broadway, not far from his Prince Street store. Merchants were not ashamed to live close to their business then. William B. Astor was thought to have gone "uptown" because he had moved into Lafayette Place. A. T. Stewart had his home in Deafay Place, Bleeker Street! An excursion to Murray Hill was called "a ramble in the country"; and of course Central Park had not even been projected. Westchester was remote; and the idea that rapid transit would one day open it up would have struck the New Yorker of fifty years ago as wildly adventurous.

And how about the wealth? The "plutocracy" was as roundly denounced as a danger then as now. In 1845 the sum of \$271,930,000 was reputed to be divided, as to ownership, among nine hundred and fifty-one persons, only twenty-two of whom were thought to possess more than a million each. The New York *Tribune* estimates that fifteen years later, in 1860, there were one hundred and sixty-three millionaire individuals or firms,

But in 1892 there were more than eleven hundred millionaires within the boundaries of the metropolis!

These figures are colossal; yet there seems no reason to doubt their authenticity. They might be rather disquieting were it not for the fact, already mentioned, that the growth of their number is not disproportionate to the increase in population; and that curious thing to note is that of the nine hundred and fifty-one names in the list of 1845, only one hundred are to be found in the list of New York millionaires in 1892. This would seem

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to indicate that the wealth had gone back into the hands of the people again. And thither must fatally go, sooner or later, all the immense accumulations of wealth by individuals, in this land where entail does not exist, and where the ups and downs of fortune are so extraordinary.

* * *

MIGHTY as is the present aggregate assessed value of real and personal estate in this city for 1894—it reaches \$2,073,918,529—think what it will be when the "Greater New York" of the near future emerges from the chaos of legislative debate, and triumphantly takes its place as the unrivaled Queen City of the Western World, and as the chief depot for the commerce of the Occident with those far mysterious nations of the Orient now wakening to a new career under the stimulating lash of war!

* * *

AFTER all, New York City has but kept pace with the miraculous development and prosperity of the nation. Her future is inissolably bound to that of the whole country. Misfortune to West or South reduces her wealth; a blind or foolish national policy dwarfs her and eclipses her chances. With a wise, economical policy of protection to native workers, justice to organized labor within her boundaries, and no preying upon capital by irresponsible and self-constituted intermediaries, in another half-century she will become the first city in the world!

* * *

THE reassembling of Congress prompts many anxious inquiries as to whether we are to expect another season of tariff tinkering.

* * *

PROFESSOR WILSON seems ready to resume the fray, but he will find the mass of Congressmen lukewarm on the subject of further tariff reform. The country wants tranquillity and certainty rather than vexation and unsteadiness.

* * *

IF there is to be more discussion over the tariff and on the subject of silver, I say let it be by competent commissions of specialists, who can do the work without wrangling or political bias. Then the ignoramus, of whom there are many in Congress, will have less chance to air their lack of information.

* * *

THE verdict of the country at the last elections was clearly for a steadfast maintenance of protection. Let the Congressmen remember that.

* * *

EX-SPEAKER REED said before the Home Market Club of Boston the other day: "This country is in favor of the doctrine of Protection—largely in favor of it. Everything shows this, and no man, whose brains are not suffering from recent concussions from the heels, can think otherwise. What we need now is not general belief in our doctrines. We need teaching which comes from practical results. We need a distribution of the facts. When I say to you that protection will cheapen goods and make better goods, you may yield assent, but it may not be a fighting faith. But when I show by facts and figures that ground glass, for example, though raised almost one hundred per cent by the McKinley tariff, has reached almost the same price as before, and the consumer gets American glass worth twenty per cent more, and every inch of it made by American labor, I show something which is an ever-present answer to all the theories of the world."

* * *

THE death of William T. Walters, the famous art collector of Baltimore, leaves a gap hard to fill in the ranks of intelligent amateurs. Not only did he possess what was probably the finest private collection of paintings in this country, but he was and had been for many years a great suggester of good pictures. Mr. Walters was also a business man of much energy, and established the Atlantic Coast Line of railroad.

* * *

YSAYE is a genius. Watch him as he stands on the platform, waiting his moment to begin his wonderful performance on the violin. A heavy man, of Flemish look; a low, square brow, shadowed by masses of tumbling black hair; a sensitive mouth; deep-set and dreamy eyes; the atmosphere of the *royant*, the *intime*, about him; he is vastly impressive. And he is an artist of superb accomplishments, which, added to the strain of poetic genius in him, makes him irresistible.

* * *

SETH LOW's good word for organized labor—and his advice to Capital to get used to it and to co-operate with it—in a recent speech, is one of the signs of the times. It indicates the tendency of the hour, and marks the duty of every wise capitalist and worker.

* * *

JOHN BURNS's visit to this country should bear good fruit. He is to attend the Convention of the American Federation of Labor at Denver, and will represent the Parliamentary Committee of the British Trade Congress. As a practical labor leader, he has no superior in any country. In Parliament he has won more substantial concessions for labor than all the other British leaders put together.

* * *

IN the London County Council his services were of immense value. I hope the city government of the

"Greater New York" to come will have a man like John Burns in it.

* * *

Poor policemen! They can have no more free passes! What woe is theirs! The horse-car conductor may now gird at them!

* * *

THE celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Knights of Labor recently occurred in this city. This great organization begins a new quarter-century with the good wishes of all friends of organized labor. Opposed to violence, its methods are honest and humane, and they are powerful for good.

* * *

THE remarkable conspiracy by which Frederick Baker, a lawyer, and Samuel C. Seely, bookkeeper, were able to swindle the National Shoe and Leather Bank of this city out of three hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars in nine years points to the need of a more careful system of examination of banks' accounts and a more frequent change of bookkeepers. The drowning of Baker in Hempstead Bay (presumably a suicide) adds romantic interest to this singular case.

* * *

PLUCKY Lord Dunraven will try once more for the America Cup, and will stick to keel boats—to be beaten again—no doubt.

* * *

ONCE A WEEK called attention in its issue preceding this one to the discourteous and unkind treatment of old soldiers who are pensioners, and who are obliged to wait out of doors in wind and rain for hours before getting their pension checks cashed. Our picture showed an abuse which should be remedied at once. The pensioners are receiving much attention from the press of late, and an able article in the *Herald* of this city suggests the idea of commuting the claims of those who wish it, so that they may buy little homes, settle down, and not be compelled to live from hand to mouth.

* * *

IT is sincerely to be hoped that the rumor of the death of Frederick Villiers in China may prove untrue. No braver or better fellow ever trod the earth: no more conscientious and capable artist ever undertook a campaign for a great illustrated newspaper.

* * *

YALE carried off the honors of the football match from the hard-fought field at Hampden Park in old Springfield on Saturday, November 24; and five out of the six great annual games now belong to the University under the New Haven elms. The triumph was a brilliant one, and twenty-five thousand persons gathered to see the victory of Hinkey and his men. But the game was disgracefully rough. Six men were carried off the field badly hurt, and two were disqualified for fighting. The litter for the wounded came and went with monotonous regularity. Is this play, or barbarism?

* * *

BROKEN noses, gouged eyes, strained backs, and occasional fistfights do not seem to have made the vast throng of spectators squeamish. Evidently the game would not have been stopped by the most pious of parents, even had he seen his son carried out, never to return again, as the wrestlers were sometimes taken from the arenas of the ancient world.

* * *

A CURIOUS feature of the occasion was the singing by the adherents of the two contesting teams. The songs were quaint and not without a certain lyrical fervor and flavor. But they demonstrated a defective sense of rhythm and of that other element of poetry—imagination—among the students. Yale, for instance, thus taunted Harvard:

"Tho' Harvard has blue-stocking girls,
Yale has blue stocking men;
We've done fair Harvard up before,
We'll do her up again.
At least the Harvard football team
May try what they can do,
They can never—on their tinfype—
Beat the grand old Blue."

After which came this curious chorus:

"I can knock en no,
I can knock en oho,
I can knock en no—
Y-A-L-E."

* * *

It is fooling, is it not? But it has a wonderful savor. Harvard answered back, but not so felicitously. The rejoinder ran thus:

"In Cambridge, far away, old John Harvard sits,
Waiting in silence while you pull Yale to bits.
Let no defeat make sad your great founder's soul;
If we win we'll paint him red—so push for the goal."

Wobbly as poetry, eh? But Harvard was wobbly that day. I suppose her hour will come.

* * *

MOUNT TACOMA has been amusing the people who live within sight of its colossal sides with the spectacle of an eruption. But there is absolutely no truth in the story that the flow of fire has caused a change in the shape of its summit.

* * *

THE American adventurer who was hatching a conspiracy to overthrow the young Hawaiian Republic, and who was found out, and given his choice between leaving Honolulu on the first steamer or going to prison, can now put his experiences into an opera bouffe. That is where they belong.

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3

THE wedding of the young Czar to the beautiful Princess Alix of Germany has speedily followed the entombment of Alexander III, and the same throngs which wept when the sumptuous funeral processions passed through Moscow and St. Petersburg laughed and rejoiced as the newly wedded couple paraded the halls of the Winter Palace, on their return from the altar. The spectacle was gorgeous in the extreme. Not even the German Court can show such splendors as were displayed on Monday, November 27, in the palaces and churches of the Russian capital.

THE King of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Greece, and the Grand Dukes, were the chief royalties in attendance. Emperor Nicholas, as he is henceforth to be known, wore the red uniform of a general of hussars. The bride, who is beautiful, looked more than usually charming in her robe of white brocaded silk, with the mantle of strawberry-colored velvet trimmed with gold and a double row of ermine; and with her richly jeweled crown.

PERHAPS the most magnificent spectacle of the day was in Malachite Hall in the Winter Palace. Here was a great assemblage of ladies, some in all white, others in red or yellow, and some in white with trimmings of various colors. The mantles of blue, purple, or gold, the headresses in the Russian style with coronets of pearls and long tulle veils, and the dresses made with long trains produced an indescribable richness of effect.

THE marriage ceremony lasted two hours, and the crowns were placed upon the heads of the Emperor and Empress by the Archpriest, who called them "the servant and handmaid of God."

AS for an alliance between Russia and England, and the disposition of the Czar to court such an arrangement—the story seems pure moonshine. The old-time enemies are agreeing on one or two things which it would not be convenient for them to fight over, but an alliance is apparently as impossible as ever. Russia has made some concessions to England with regard to the "buffer States" which keep the Indian frontier secure. But in return she seems to have secured the freedom of the Dardanelles, which is a priceless advantage for her in the present political situation. How England can have been weak enough to have acceded to an arrangement which will prove immensely profitable to France and Russia in their Mediterranean operations, is a source of wonder alike to her enemies and friends.

MEANTIME the breach between England and Germany is perceptibly widening. The young Kaiser has of late done several things to confirm the impression that the interests of Great Britain and Germany are quite diverse. Italy is getting very nervous over the situation. For to remain in the Triple Alliance and at the same time to incur the displeasure of England is an undertaking which she would consider beyond her present strength.

THE young German Emperor appears to have some misgivings about his own recent course. He does not find the nation disposed to back up his dragooning policy in dealing with the liberals, and he sees a possible dissolution of the Imperial Parliament not very far ahead of the dedication of the magnificent new palace at the Reichstag. A year or two ago he would have stormed around in his jackboots, and threatened everybody. But now he calms down, and makes overtures to Bismarck, whose wise counsels he may shortly need. Times change and we change with them; and impetuous Wilhelm has discovered that there are limits beyond which the Imperial swagger must not go.

PRINCE BISMARCK is nearing his eightieth birthday, and the German nation is desirous of celebrating in some fitting manner the anniversary of the Iron Chancellor. The suggestion that a Bismarck monument should be erected on one of the highest mountain peaks in the country, and that it should be built of stones sent from all parts of Germany, has been received with much favor. American Germans will gladly unite in a manifestation of respect for Bismarck.

THE poor old ex-Chancellor has lost his noble and faithful wife and says that he no longer takes interest in politics or anything else. He prophesies that he cannot last the year out, and says that he is sorry to go away when Germany is entering upon such troublous times.

AFTER casting so many stones at the ex-Chancellor, Kaiser Wilhelm may now well afford to add one to the heap destined to commemorate his mighty and successful efforts for the unification of Germany.

I SEE that the Japs are unusually bumptious since the taking of Port Arthur. No wonder. Few nations have had such complete triumphs in modern times. While they are finishing up the campaign in the enemy's country, they have fresh armies ready to start, assembled at home.

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It looks very much as if John Chinaman would have to pay that one hundred and twenty-five million dollars' war indemnity to Japan, if he wishes to stop the incursion. Never mind. England will loan him the money if he hasn't got it handy. No wonder that Japan would not have our mediation. She didn't need it.

THE shameless Turk continues to assert that all is quiet in Armenia. It must be abnormally quiet in those villages where all the inhabitants were massacred in cold blood. The Turkish inquiry commissions are a farce. And the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs shows a curious indifference to the complaints and requests for help voiced by the poor Armenians.

TABLETS recently excavated at Tello in Asia Minor, in the ruins of the palace of Kings of Chaldaea, 4000 B.C., describe King Entemena as the Protector of Agriculture. He possessed two sacred groves, dedicated to Ninahsag, goddess of mountains, and goddess Nina, a nymph. In the plain of Tello in the old days were forests of date trees, and gigantic aqueducts brought water to the gardens and fields.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER, pastor of the London City Temple, is very indignant because a newspaper printed extracts from one of his sermons without his permission. London's greatest pulpit orator, say some of the critics, seems to have brought salvation down to a strictly commercial basis.

LATE in December Sibyl Sanderson will start for this country, where it is expected that her appearance in opera will cause a decided sensation. Jean de Reszke will sing with her at the Metropolitan Opera House in this city in "Manon."

THE Danish Court is much disturbed by the little scandal aroused by the singular conduct of Princess Marie, of the House of Orleans, wife of Prince Waldeimar. The lady is said to be rather eccentric—showing an extravagant fondness for parades, and taking part personally in the firemen's reviews. She even went so far as to appear recently in a fireman's uniform. Naturally the grave Northern Court is much distressed at what may after all be but the whim of a pretty and capricious woman, who takes a sly pleasure in shocking the conventionalities.

MR. GLADSTONE says that clergymen as a rule to-day are not severe enough upon their congregations. He would have them preach directly at private sins.

THE "Fandroana," or annual Royal bath, is one of the great institutions of Madagascar. It is held annually, by Royal proclamation from November 22 to January 10. All business is at a standstill; the people meet the Queen in the Silver Palace on the festival's first day, red cock is sacrificed, and the blood is carried to the Queen, who touches with it her forehead, neck, armpits and toes. Next day the people assemble again while the Queen bathes in a silver bath behind a screen, in token of purification.

THE English record-breaker Lucania has been fairly bested by the swift American liner Paris in rough weather. This is an achievement of which the builders of the Paris may justly be proud.

FIFTY THOUSAND people rendered homeless by the recent earthquakes in Italy! Think of being shaken out of house and home without a minute's notice!

GERMANY seems to have enlisted the science of unfair competition in her struggle against American goods.

STAGE FRIGHT is a very dreadful reality to some theatrical and operatic artists. Even veterans like Joe Jefferson confess to feeling a touch of it now and then. In the case of very nervous women, it brings sudden faintness, as in that of the singer who could not sing, as Mathilde in "Guillaume Tell," at the Metropolitan Opera House the other evening. The lady who thus failed in her rôle was a singer of experience. But one cannot battle with any certainty of victory against stage fright.

THE report of the special commission appointed to suggest a proper means of disposing of the refuse of the metropolis is sound and satisfactory in its conclusions. It recommends the complete separation of kitchen garbage from other house refuse; the burning or reduction to a commercial state of all house garbage, and the enforcement of each regulation by heavy penalties.

BUT this plan was suggested long ago by ONCE A WEEK, and it was so evident to all who studied the question that it was scarcely worth while to appoint a special committee to declare it the best. By the way, I wonder whether this commission cost money to the city. I would like to see a report from the Comptroller on this point. But later on for that.

MEANWHILE let me observe that if this plan is followed out, the pollution of the water front of Long Island and New Jersey will be stopped, and the incoming tides will not bring back to the taxpayer, while he

is taking his summer bath, his discarded boots and castaway kittens.

THE commercial value of the refuse of the metropolitan district is very great indeed; so great that the Italian padrones who control the army of dusty and grimy pickers-over usually to be found foraging in barrels and boxes are willing to pay eighty thousand dollars a year for the privilege. If they will give so much for the raw material, what must it be worth when it is worked over, and what would it not be worth to the city if all the householders were compelled to separate ashes from garbage and deposit both in different vessels outside their doors?

THE shocking accident on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road, in this city, a few days ago, by which two well-known citizens were killed, emphasizes the need for greater protection for the public on the "L" platforms. The two gentlemen were disporting on the platform, and went over the edge just as a train came along. In any European country the authorities would compel the erection of high railings along the edges of such aerial platforms.

THE American theory that the public can take care of itself is incorrect. It needs to find safeguards against its own carelessness; and the time is near at hand when corporations will be compelled to provide them, or to suffer heavy penalties for willful neglect.

IT is said that John Jacob Astor desires to be represented upon the staff of Governor Morton, probably for the pleasure of wearing a gayly bespangled uniform and parading on State occasions. An incursion of the millionaires of Gotham into the stately old society of Albany might create a ripple of excitement.

MR. J. J. VAN ALLEN has decided, if we may credit rumor, to shake the dust of Newport from his varnished boots, and to depart for Bristol, R. I., where he is building a costly mansion.

THE disciples of the whirling wheel were in congress in this city during the week beginning Monday, November 26. Fat and lean, tall and squat, sprinters and lazy bicyclists of all nationalities and every variety of giddiness and eccentricity in costume contested and displayed themselves in the great ring. A bicycle tournament does not imply a joust with lances and lowered visors, but there is no reason why it should not. One can imagine the shock of two cavaliers coming together on wheels quite as great as if they were mounted on the most fiery barbs.

IT would seem as if the debate over the proposed resuscitation of a criminal to be executed at Auburn were closed by the statement of the warden of that prison that men sentenced for capital crime are committed to his custody until they have suffered death by electricity. He does not mean to deliver up any murderer's body, even to relatives, until he is satisfied beyond peradventure that it is dead.

NIAGARA COUNTY is first in this State to adopt the Myers' voting machine. There is no objection to machine voting, in the literal sense, if it simplifies the operation, which was far too cumbersome and complicated at our recent election. But we must banish "the machine" from politics all the same.

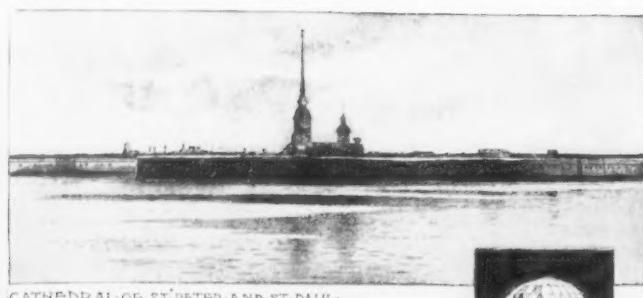
WAS it wise to exonerate the prize-fighter Fitzsimmons for the "knock-out" which resulted in the death of his antagonist in the match at Syracuse? And how would it have fared with a non-professional man if he had struck so unlucky a blow?

POOR old M. de Lesseps celebrated his ninetieth birthday, the anniversary of the Suez Canal's completion, and that of his reception of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, all in one day recently. And his family and friends still keep from him the story of the melancholy wreck of the first Panama enterprise; and in this fool's paradise the old man will remain until he is called away from earth.

THE Lick School of Mechanic Arts, for which generous old millionaire Lick provided five hundred and forty thousand dollars, will be opened in San Francisco in January next. The purpose of the institute is to educate boys so that with small practice they may take places in any mechanical business. This is a benefaction which will be worth millions to poor boys.

THE new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which is to crown one of the most picturesque heights in this city, will soon begin to rise above its massive foundations, the difficulty of laying which has been enormous, because of the need of drilling through slanting layers of rock to find a level basis for the great piers on the which the massive towers will rest.

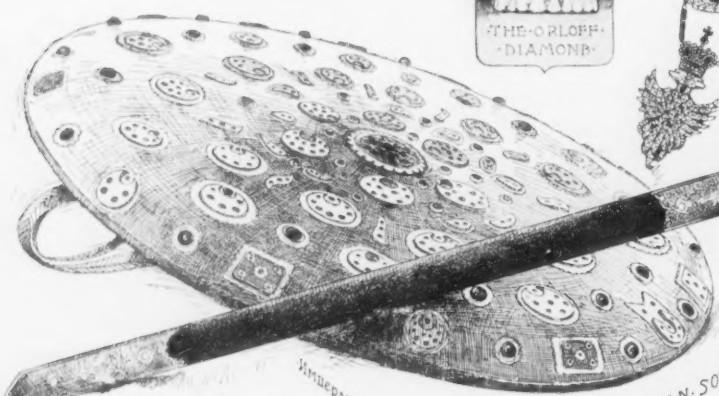
"GREATER NEW YORK" cannot come too soon, bringing with it the bridge over the Hudson which will minimize the danger of accidents like that to the Hoboken ferry-boat Netherlands the other day, putting the lives of a thousand passengers momentarily in peril.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.



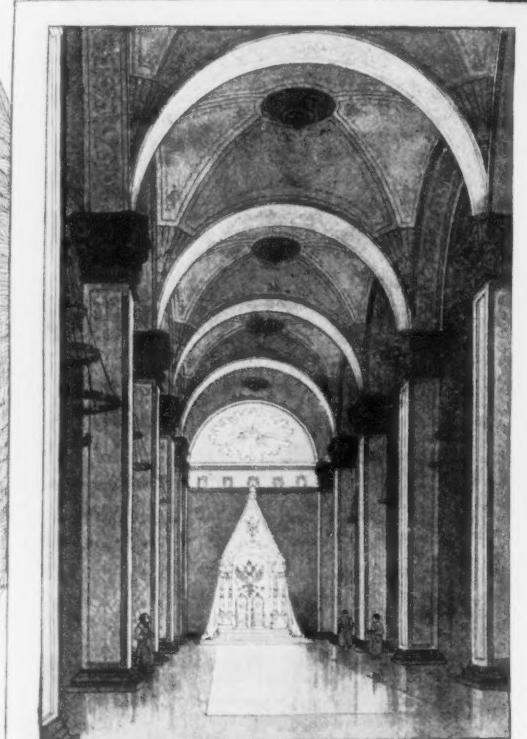
THE ORLOFF DIAMOND.

INSIGNIA OF THE RUSSIAN SOVEREIGNS
Императорская царская регалия Российской империи

ASSUMPTION CATHEDRAL.



THE JEWELLED CROSS.

LA SALLE DU TRÔNE AU PALAIS DU CREMLIN DE MOSCOU
Андреевский залъ въ московскомъ кремльѣ сконъ дворцѣ
THE RUSSIAN THRONE... PALACE OF THE CREMLIN.

A MASTER OF CEREMONIES.



OF MICHAEL FEDOROVITCH THE FIRST ROMANOFF.



A MAID OF HONOR WEARING A KAKOHNICK THE CEREMONIAL HEAD DRESS.



A COURT HERALD.

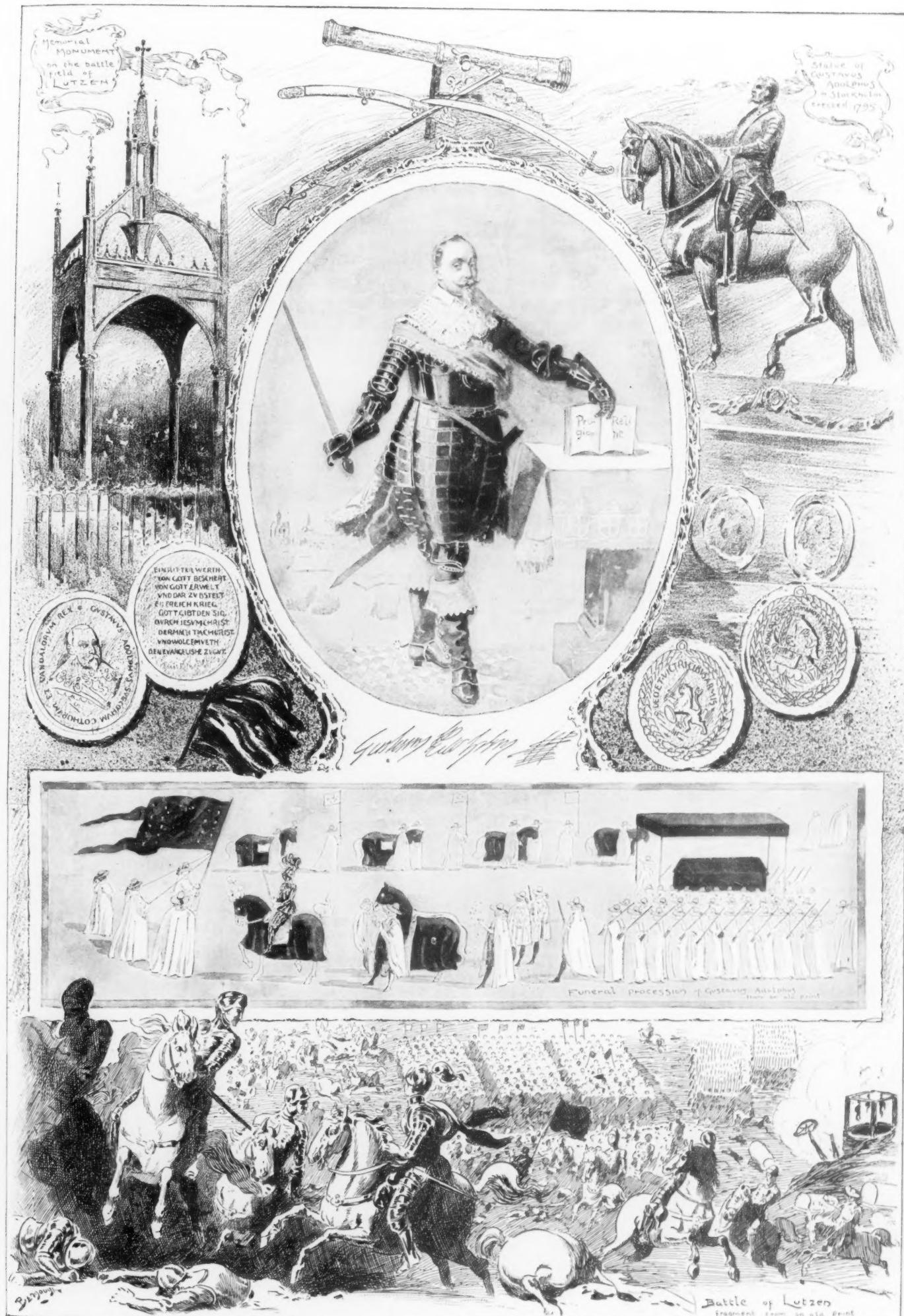


ROMANOFF HOUSE.

AT THE COURT OF THE ROMANOFS.

(See page 11.)

C. R. BUNNELL 1914



THE TERCENTENARY OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

(See page 10.)



FERGUS ARMSTRONG'S work for the day was done. He sat surrounded by quaint tapestries, bits of rare bric-a-brac and broken fragments of old statuary, and smoked his pipe disconsolately. He was a Scotchman, powerfully built, brown bearded, heavy browed and deep chested. He would have looked morose if his eyes had not belied the lines in his strong but not uncomely face. From under his shaggy eyebrows they looked into the smoldering log fire, and were the clearest, bluest, frankest eyes in the city of Boston.

Armstrong, who was 35 years old, was a genius of the eclectic school of art, and was, much to his secret and profane amusement, a favorite of fashion. He was so plain a man, so indifferent to the fads and follies of ordinary mortals, and so wrapped up in his own inimitable work, that his *pseudo* position in society seemed to him unmeasurable. He saw no reason why he should be invited to every *musical* and dance and kettle-drum given by the butterflies of his extended acquaintance. Although he liked a good Scotch song and sometimes sang at his work in sonorous and not unpleasing tones, he declared he did not know one classical tune from another. Nor could he dance any more than an elephant; and he felt as much out of place at the average afternoon tea ("tea-fight," he called it) as the proverbial bull must feel in a china shop. He was a born Bohemian who loved congenial company, a good story, a mug of mulled ale and a pouch of fine tobacco; but he hated a dress suit and regarded a ceremonious dinner of many courses as a gastronomic crime.

In spite of his usual indifference to the scions of fashion, it was of an *unlispeable* belle he was thinking, while he scowled before his fire and smoked without enjoyment. Miss Helen Prescott had agreed to pose for the central figure of the painting upon which he had been working for many weeks, and he was thinking gloomily of her failure to appear at the studio at the hours agreed upon. Every day or two she made some trivial excuse for not coming, and, as her portrait in the picture was not complete, Armstrong was greatly hampered and annoyed by her absence.

The picture was a vigorous and difficult composition, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Armstrong had painted part of the scenery while he was in Greece, and was now engaged in completing the picture. Although the subject was old, his composition bore promise of much originality and of great truth and delicacy of execution. The scene represented Agamemnon leading his beautiful daughter to the altar of sacrifice. The artist had succeeded in producing the brilliancy and sparkling effect of mid-daylight on the figures, and on the background, which was enriched with landscape and Greek architecture. His grouping and foreshortening were admirable, but the face and form of Iphigenia did not please him. Certainly the likeness to Miss Prescott was apparent, but some of her worldly wisdom and her nineteenth century self-possession looked out of her eyes, in spite of his endeavors to make them resemble the frightened orbs of Iphigenia.

"If she would pose until I had the Greek drapery done I might finish the picture by Christmas," Armstrong reflected. "I could alter the expression, too, which is too self-contained for such a tragic situation. At first she was eager to pose for me, but she is too tickle to keep one purpose until the object of these sittings is accomplished. Great Caesar's ghost! what an experience it is to have one's greatest work retarded by a frivolous woman!"

His pipe had gone out and he arose to refill it, but before this object was accomplished he was disturbed by a sharp knock upon his door, immediately followed by the entrance of a brother painter named Julius Craig. He was a little, long-limbed young man, whose profile was a constant delight to Armstrong, and whose hair was as yellow as a Dane's.

"Light your candles, Armstrong," he said, "for I have a letter for you from the divine Iphigenia. I met a smart-looking groom outside your door with whom she had intrusted the note, and I secured from him the pleasure of delivering it myself."

Armstrong lighted the gas and took the note.

"Why don't you say at once that Miss Prescott gave it to you to deliver?" he asked. "I suppose it contains her latest excuse for missing a sitting. The picture will never be finished at this rate."

"What keeps her away?" Craig asked, innocently.

Armstrong looked up from the letter he had begun to read and eyed his visitor until the latter broke into a laugh.

"I like your impudence," Armstrong said. "How could she come when she was riding with you? Wakely was here an hour ago and told me."

He glanced at the note which stated that she had been "unavoidably detained," and casting it upon the dying fire, watched it blaze until a little gust of wind carried it up the chimney. Craig had risen and uncovered the great unfinished picture, which he was examining minutely.

"Why don't you have some one else pose for the drapery?" he asked. "A paid model could do that and you could abuse and discharge her if she did not keep her appointments. A professional model either gives you no excuse for swearing or is impervious to it."

"I'll have to get one for the face also, if matters do not improve," Armstrong said, coolly. "Look at the expression, Craig. It is Miss Prescott's unquestionably, but it is not Iphigenia's yet."

Craig returned to the fireplace.

"Can't you keep from driving her about at the hours when I need her here?" Armstrong asked. "You must be pretty hard hit, Craig, to forget the obligations of the profession."

Craig laughed. It was one of his peculiarities to always laugh when he was embarrassed.

"I was hit pretty hard five years ago," he said. "I am getting over it, but I have some scars left that have the effect of making me wary now."

He lighted a cigar and seated himself in front of the mantel on which Armstrong was leaning.

"I received my *coupe* on Christmas Day," he said, when his cigar was going well. "It came rather hard, I believe, on account of the season of the year. One expects something better than the grand bounce for a Christmas present."

"Did the girl's father fire you when he discovered your impecuniosity, or did she do the act herself?" Armstrong asked, inelegantly. Craig was rather a fascinating young fellow who was likely to have more than a score of romances before he was through with life, and Armstrong could not consider his love story seriously.

"She had no father," Craig answered. "In fact, her unprotected position added somewhat to the charm of the situation. She was a beautiful girl, with a perfect Greek face, and truthful but half-frightened eyes. She would have looked like a priestess in Iphigenia's drapery."

"I wish you would make it up with her, then," Armstrong said, "and have her pose for me while the other one takes her rides."

"She wouldn't go within a mile of a man's studio. She was a little Puritan school-teacher, who spent her summers with an aunt who was a terrible dragon, and her winters in the houses of the school committee, among whom she 'boarded around.' I imagined she had a hard time of it, for the aunt was always laid up with the rheumatism and fretted incessantly, and the 'boarding around' must have been a tough experience. New England country people always reserve their north bedrooms for guest chambers, and of all the cold, damp, musty, mildewed apartments these are the worst in the world. I know all about them, for I went prospecting through the Eastern States one winter and warmed up north bedrooms wherever I stopped. My vitality was at an alarmingly low ebb when spring arrived."

"Where did you meet the girl?" Armstrong inquired.

"Get back to the girl, Julius."

"I planted my easel in her aunt's front yard and began to paint a neighboring field of barley. The grain was undulating and beautifully green, and I had become interested in my work when a young woman came out of the house and asked if I would kindly move my easel to another place. She said she regretted the apparent incivility of her request, but that her relative was a nervous invalid who was annoyed by my presence. She took all the sting out of her request by her evident distress at having to make it. Of course I agreed to go at once, but I meant to go slowly, for I was longing to talk with her. I was not allowed to linger, however, for her aunt precipitated my departure. I wish you could have seen that old woman, Armstrong. She put her head out of the window and terrorized me. She wore a huge nightcap, with an overgrown frill surrounding it and giving her determined, wrinkled old face an appearance at once grotesque and appalling. She had good lungs even if her nerves were weak, for she called out in a voice like a fish-horn, 'If that young man isn't out of my garden in two minutes I will fire off the gun!' Armstrong, I fled. I wasn't afraid of the blunderbuss, but the nightcap was terrifying."

"I sat up late that night trying to draw a picture of the girl, but that awful apparition in the nightcap kept presenting itself, until at last I drew the old woman instead. The drawing was a success, and I grew familiar with its horrors at length and determined to send it to the Boston *Caricaturist*. I was poor enough then to make a caricature of my own grandmother if I could earn a honest dollar by it! I invented a joke to go under the picture and was blessed with a check from the paper in a fortnight.

"I spent all the money I realized from the caricature at a fair where the old woman's niece presided at a table, and I made the coveted acquaintance. The girl was bright, and I believed she was artless and refined. In a few months I made her an honest proposal of marriage, telling her my circumstances and asking if she could care for me. I wrote, because she had returned to her aunt's house for the Christmas holidays and the dragon would not allow me to go there. On Christmas morning I received the answer to my proposal, and it shook my faith in my knowledge of human character. The young woman gave me to understand that my proposal was not an honor, but an impertinence and that she wouldn't see me again. Armstrong, the letter seemed to me ill-bred and unwomanly, but perhaps it helped to cure me of my folly."

"If you are purged of folly at the age of twenty-seven you are to be congratulated," Armstrong said, chafingly. "Yours is a sad love tale, Craig, with a good ending, since you say it has brought you wisdom. I hope you'll not be disappointed next Christmas as you were before!"

Craig arose, laughing his inconsequent laugh, and stretching his long arms and legs as though he had been napping.

"Have you forgiven Miss Prescott?" he asked. "And will you hire some one to pose for the drapery? There are scores of models who do that work alone. They call themselves 'clothes-horses,' you know. These are busy times when the ladies are all doing their Christmas shopping. I would not depend on Miss Prescott entirely if I were you."

"I know better than to do that," Armstrong answered, with brutal frankness, "and I'll take your advice about the model. This picture must be done by Christmas if possible, and I have no time for trifling. I think you know this work is serious endeavor, Craig."

"It is a masterful creation," Craig said, warmly. "It is the great work of your life, Fergus Armstrong."

When Craig was gone Armstrong went downstairs and knocked at a door on the second floor of the building in which he had his studio. The door was instantly opened by a boy of ten years, who flung himself into the painter's arms with an excess of affection.

"Louise has been saying that I may have no presents on Christmas," the child said. "She says that Santa Claus cannot know we have moved from Chester to Boston. Doesn't he know everything, Mr. Armstrong? Isn't sister Louise mistaken?"

The boy was already beginning to assume masculine airs of superiority, and Armstrong proceeded to nip them in the bud.

"If your sister says the Saint does not know where you are you may depend upon it that she is right." Then seeing the boy's disappointed face, he added: "But I daresay we could tell St. Nicholas that you are here. I am nearer the chimney than you are and I can give him the information."

A young woman had entered the room, and Armstrong released himself from the child's clinging arms to take her proffered hand. She was a sweet-faced woman, whose acquaintance he had made within the year under somewhat tragic circumstances. Her brother had been knocked down in the street by a horse and Armstrong had rushed to the rescue. The child had not been seriously injured, but the painter had fallen into the pleasant habit of dropping in to see how he was progressing, and had continued these visits after the boy's recovery.

The little household on the second floor consisted of Miss Allan, her brother, and her aged aunt, who was bedridden. Their rooms were quaintly furnished, and made a picturesque and old-fashioned setting for the gracious young woman presiding over them. Armstrong sometimes was permitted to pay his respects to the invalid, and he had become very popular with them all. He knew that Louise gave lessons of some kind and thus eked out a slender living for the family. He believed he understood the little fabrication about the Christmas presents. She probably had no money to buy them and yet had not the heart to rob little Ted of his faith in the Christmas Saint. Armstrong secretly resolved that the child's stocking should be well filled when Christmas should arrive.

He told Miss Allan about his difficulty concerning the drapery and asked her to help him by wearing it. She listened intelligently and sympathetically, and, much to his relief, agreed to his proposition. She was eager to help him. He had done much for her by bringing delicacies to the sick woman under her care, by his continued kindness to Ted and by the unspoken but unmistakable sympathy which he gave to her. The sunshine of his kindness had created a very bright oasis in the desert of her care-filled life. Armstrong made his proposition in a purely business-like manner—but it meant more to her. It pleased her to know that she could help him, and that this work would enable her to give her aunt and brother a pleasant Christmas.

Armstrong painted in Miss Allan's sitting-room. She was beautiful in the snowy robes of Iphigenia, and was an intelligent and patient model. Armstrong worked with feverish interest—sometimes in silence and sometimes while he praised the art he loved, the art which he and spoke alike to all ages and to all nations. Craig searched for him and could not find him, but on Christmas morning he caught Armstrong leaving the club and walked with him to the studio.

The picture was in its old place again, for the drapery was finished and there was nothing to be done to it but to alter the expression of Iphigenia's eyes. Armstrong writhed under Craig's questioning about the model who had aided in the picture. The Scotchman was too profoundly interested in Louise Allan to enjoy any idle chatter about her.

The two men were seated at opposite sides of the fireplace when the janitor of the building came in with a note addressed to Armstrong. He tore it open hastily, knitting his brows while he read and turning his face away from Craig's range of vision. When he had finished reading, he handed the letter to his guest.

"This concerns you, Craig," he said, rather hoarsely. "I think you should read it."

He went over to his easel then, and taking up his palette, sat with his back to Craig, apparently at work at mixing colors.

The letter was from the invalid on the second floor, and Craig read it with astonishment:

"DEAR MR. ARMSTRONG," it said:

"Yesterday you mentioned to me that you have an artist friend named Julius Craig and I have something to communicate to you concerning him. Five years ago, when my niece and I were living in Chester, this young man came to our village and made a caricature of me, which he sent to a Boston paper. It chanced to fall into my hands, and I determined he should be punished for his impertinence."

"A few months later he proposed marriage in a letter to my niece. Her name and mine are the same, but he was ignorant of that fact because she has always addressed me as 'Aunt Allan.' She has done this to distinguish me from another aunt of hers named Louise. Mr. Craig's letter was addressed to Miss Louise Allan, and I opened it, although I confess I believed it was from him and intended for my niece. I imagined he was not familiar with her writing and I answered his letter, refusing his offer of marriage and signing my full name to my communication. No doubt he believed my letter was from my niece, for neither she nor I ever saw him again."

"I do not know whether she would have accepted him or not. Probably she would have done so, for he was a comely young man and a favorite with young women. I am afraid now that I sacrificed her happiness in my desire to injure her lover and I regret that part of my action. I wrote that letter to Julius Craig on Christmas morning, and I believe it was a spiteful and an unrighteous act. Now on Christmas morning I am trying to atone for it in part by writing this confession. You know the man and can judge whether he should be told this story or not. If you think it possible that he still cares for my niece, you may show him this letter and he can visit her again. Five years is a long time for a man to care for an absent woman, and possibly Julius Craig may be truer than other men and may bring Louise a Christmas gift of the happiness I deprived her of so long ago. Yours truly,

"LOUISE ALLAN—the elder."

Craig went over to Armstrong's side.

"What the deuce am I to do?" he asked, rather weakly. "This is a tremendous revelation. I was awfully in love, but the girl may have changed in five years. We might not know each other if we were to meet."

Armstrong turned upon him savagely, his face dark with passion and with the color knife still in his hand.

"You made her care for you," he said, "and it was your damnable stupidity that separated you. If you

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don't make her happy after all she has suffered some one ought to kill you."

Craig had forgotten to laugh.

"I'll go and see her," he said, at length, in his care-free fashion. "I daresay everything will come out all right; but what a revengeful old woman the aunt was to be sure!"

When Armstrong was alone he locked himself in his studio. His hands were trembling in spite of his vigorous strength, and great beads of perspiration were upon his forehead.

"Craig will marry her," he reflected. "When he sees her will forget all other women. I have helped to make her Christmas happy and I should be contented."

Still he was wretched. He poured himself a glass of brandy and drank as if to steady his hand, and then with stern determination he went back to his painting, saying that work was the only panacea for human ills. When he looked at the picture he was startled and displeased to meet Helen Prescott's worldly-wise expression. He caught up a brush and recklessly painted out the face he had worked upon for many weeks. Then he began anew. He was at once deep in the work of restoration, but it was not Helen Prescott's portrait he was painting. He was portraying the tender, frightened, beseeching expression Louise Allan had worn when he had carried her injured little brother home. For hours Armstrong worked, and when he laid down his brushes the face was not finished, but it was the face that had been in his heart ever since his picture was begun, and it was the artist's ideal Iphigenia.

Late in the day Louise Allan knocked at his door. She entered the studio looking so smiling and happy that it flashed upon his jealous fancy she had come to him for congratulations. He would feel relieved when the whole wretched business of her marriage was over.

"Are you alone?" he asked, almost ungraciously. "Is Craig not with you?"

"He went away some hours ago," she told him. "I came to look for you, for Ted is clamoring to have you see his Christmas presents. You have made us all very happy to-day."

"I may have added to Ted's happiness," he said, curtly, "but I fancy Craig is responsible for yours."

"On the contrary, I am responsible for his," she declared, "for I have sent him to visit the woman he loves—the Iphigenia in your picture."

Armstrong's face was transfigured.

"Nay," he said, "the woman whom I love is in the picture now. See, I have sacrificed one Iphigenia, and a new one is in her place!"

She gave a cry of astonishment when she saw the change he had wrought, but he continued to speak:

"You are my inspiration. It was your face that I needed to complete my best work. It is your constant companionship I need to make my life complete. I am not so good to look upon as Craig, but neither five nor fifty years of separation could alter my devotion to you."

"Then," she said, hiding her face with her hands, "there need be no separation, Fergus, for I have never cared for any one but you."

Later Armstrong said:

"This is a marvelous Christmas Day. We have been pledging our troth at a pagan altar on a Christian anniversary! For love is like art, Louise, inasmuch as it speaks alike to all ages and to all nations."

FRANCES ISABEL CURRIE.

THE GREETING OF THE SUN.

SHE told me a charming romance, the story of Yango and Sayo, taken from the unwritten pages of Korean folk-lore.

On the eastern coast of South Korea, in the ancient kingdom of Silla, lived a humble fisherman named Yango, with his wife Sayo. Every day Yango went and sat by the sea and fished or wandered up and down the shore in search of edible seaweed that clung to the rocks when the tide went out. They led a quiet, industrious existence, with no greater ambition than to perform faithfully the ordinary duties of life, and leave to their posterity an unblemished name.

Perhaps it was for that Providence deemed them worthy to fill a higher position. One day Yango took his hook and line and trudged off along the shore to his favorite fishing-place, a huge boulder that overhung the water. He slipped off his shoes, as he always did before climbing the steep rock, and was soon comfortably seated on its top, baiting his hook and puffing his pipe. He cast his hook and sat watching for his first bite. Suddenly the rock on which he sat began to tremble violently and then to raise slowly and steadily into the air. Yango clung to its rough surface and tried to think what sin he had committed of which this might be the punishment; but, as his conscience was clear, his fear turned to wonder and he looked about to see what was going on. By this time he was high in the air, and his novel air-ship was bearing away to the east, as he could see by the water beneath and the receding mountains of his native land. Soon he found himself approaching the islands of Japan, and before he knew it he was landed plump down in the middle of a Japanese village, whose inhabitants, of course, fled in all directions.

When they found courage to return, Yango gave an account of himself as best he could by the use of signs, but in spite of his fisherman's clothes they would believe nothing less than that he had come straight from heaven as a gift of the gods. So they made him their chief, and all the neighboring people came and swore allegiance to him.

When Sayo found that Yango did not come back as usual for the night, she, like a sensible woman, decided that he must have wondered so far along the shore that he found it impossible to get back and so put up at some fisherman's hut. But when the next day came and Yango came not, then she became alarmed and started to search for him. She took the accustomed path down to the rock where Yango usually sat and fished. There beside it she beheld his shoes, just as he had left them. She dreaded to ascend the rock—which, of course, had returned from Japan—lest she should find him dead upon its top. But she forced herself to ascend, and was greatly relieved, yet greatly perplexed, to find no one there.

Where could he have gone without his shoes? As she was resolving this in her mind the rock began to

ONCE A WEEK.

tremble again, and to her consternation it began to rise in the air. It carried her straight to Japan, and in a few minutes she was landed safe and sound in Yango's back yard, and a moment later was in his arms. But her departure from Silla had been witnessed by some fishermen, and in an incredibly short time the story had spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, and was given perfect credence by the superstitious and wonder-loving people.

It happened on the day after the story had been told to the King of Silla that the astrologers and seers came to the palace in haste and asked for an immediate audience. They said that the sun and the moon had refused to shed their light upon Silla, but had reserved it all for the islands of Japan; and indeed so it appeared, for an ominous gloom had settled over the land and was deepening every moment. Nothing can describe the consternation that reigned at the palace. The whole Court was terrified out of its composure. It was only by strong personal efforts of the King that sufficient order could be restored to consult concerning means for propitiating these important heavenly bodies. The two strange events—the remarkable departure of Yango and Sayo, and the occultation of the sun and moon—connected themselves in the King's mind, and not knowing what else to do, despatched an envoy to Japan to hunt up the involuntary exiles and bring them back. No sooner had the envoy set foot upon Japanese soil than he heard in every one's mouth the names of the very ones he had come to find—"Our God-given King and Queen, Yango and Sayo."

He hastened straight to the Court and the royal presence, to which formality had not yet barred the way, and begged them to return with him to Silla or else their native land would be doomed to perpetual night. Yango who had adapted himself to his new surroundings with wonderful facility, answered thus: "I would willingly return, but it is evidently the hand of Providence that sent me here to rule this people. How can I betray the trust thus confided in me and oppose the will of God?" Before the envoy could find words to protest further, Sayo, the Queen, said: "I have here some rolls of silk. Take them and hasten back to Silla. Tell the King to make of the silk a broad sheet and spread it upon the ground and perform upon it the sacrifices to the sun and moon. If he does this, they will again shine upon the land."

The envoy needed no second bidding. He posted back to his country, which he found shrouded in a profounder gloom than ever. The land was on the verge of anarchy. Breathless, he hurried into the presence of the King with the rolls of precious silk and told his tale. Soon the nimble fingers of the palace ladies were busy cutting the silk into lengths and sewing them together. The royal cortège passed out of the gate with almost unseemly haste by the light of flaring torches. The mystic sheet was spread, and the King, his voice trembling with suppressed emotion, pronounced the words of invocation.

As the last words fell from his lips there came a burst of glorious light. The sun blazed forth, blinding for an instant, their unaccustomed eyes. And then there arose from that assembled multitude a shout that made the very heavens throb and palpitate. Not a vestige was left of the dreadful curse but the smoking remnants of the torches. The whole nation gave itself up to universal holiday. The silk was placed in a handsome box which was named the "King Box," and preserved as a sacred heirloom of the realm.

And the grateful King of Silla decreed that the village from which Yango and Sayo had so mysteriously disappeared should thenceforth be known by the name of "Greeting to the Sun." This village still exists, its houses most ancient of any in Korea, and the good people who live there will not be slow in relating to you the how the town earned its curious title.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

THE GARRULITY OF GOUT.

XOFTEN wonder what there is in gout that makes its victims always so eager to talk about it. One hates even to seem as if one mentioned the malady flippantly, and yet I confess, with all respect for the horrors of its unexperienced pangs and twinges, that I have somehow grown to regard it in a social and cheerful light.

Long ago it has been called an aristocratic and fashionable complaint. We somehow connect it with Dukes and Earls and Baronets, whether we will or no. It has a flavor of ancestry, of past prosperity, of eighteenth century English country life, of the sporting gentry, of obsequious footmen carrying with great care into oak-paneled dining-rooms cobwebbed bottles after bottle of port, from dim, luxurious old cellars. Then there is the irascible and explosive elderly gentlemen in the dramas and novels of other days, who grimaces and snarls over his white-bandaged foot, and bullies his respectful valet, and says "ounds" and "sirrah," and perhaps groans powerless anathemas at the runaway daughter who has even then crossed the Scottish frontier and is having herself quietly wedded to the poor but high-born young man, in Gretna Green.

Literature has certainly made gout both picturesque and comic, and has also clad it with a nimbus of respectability. I sometimes ask myself whether this explains the enormous amount of loquacious confession and revelation in which it is clothed by many who today suffer from its tortures. What man who belongs to a club of any importance has not heard the gouty man grow garrulous over his adhesive fee?

"Thank you, yes," he will say, "I am a little easier this evening. You see, it's damp weather that doubles me up. This dry atmosphere is godsend to me. . . . Some Glenlivet whisky, please. I find one glass doesn't hurt me for a nightcap. My former doctor—Smithson, you know, the celebrated Smithson—actually told me I could drink a pint of claret at dinner. Why, that man, sir, was poisoning me all the time, and I didn't know it! Confound these medical celebrities! Half of 'em just trade on their reputations. Yes, sir, 'trade' is the word! But I've got a splendid doctor now—a young, enterprising chap, with lots of brains. He's diagnosed my case in a really scientific way. You see, mine is a peculiar case."

And then you are volubly informed just how pa-

cular it is—how radically different from Brown's or Jones's. As far as my most earnest efforts to gain clear information on a certain point are concerned, I have never yet succeeded in discovering a gouty man whose case was not "peculiar." And then there is always an inevitable Brown or Jones who can eat things and drink things which your special martyr can only touch, so to speak, at the point of the bayonet. He will tell you just what these things are, or he will tell somebody else while you unavoidably listen to him behind your newspaper, or at one of the club writing-tables, or even during converse with some unaffected friend.

"Just look at this finger," the gouty man will say, in an assemblage of intimates. He will say it so loudly that you feel a sudden rude desire to turn your head, or to crane your neck, or to leave off minding your own business in some similar way. Not that you really want to see "this finger." You know just what is coming. Yesterday it was a finger of the most exemplary behavior. This morning it is "twice its natural size," or "all twisted up," from cruel climatic changes.

The gouty man never seems to realize that he loves his listeners, and no doubt on many occasions he distinctly interests them by the detailed descriptions of his woes. And yet I often find myself marveling at the grim magnificence of his cantor. Surely if he were distressed by almost any other disease on earth he would not babble about its phases either of asperity or mildness. Imagine his doing so on the subject of tuberculosis or heart failure. His hearers would either vote him unsound of mind or else the most eccentric *médecine imaginaire*. But then gout is accepted as a garrulous ailment. Somehow its gentility permits it to enter the most select circles. Lamentations concerning it are deemed the correctest form. A sudden attack of it will even move to pardon the most austere of dinner-givers, when tidings are brought him at the eleventh hour of how some ill-starred guest cannot appear at the twelfth.

Gout is so permissible a topic in society that we talk of having it, of being persecuted by it, as we would talk of having and being persecuted by a passion for collecting ancient curios. When we look mournful, and murmur, "It's hereditary, you know," the sympathetic response is always immediate. There is, indeed, a taken-for-granted lack of good manners in any failure to receive such announcement with kindliest condolence. Ordinary gout may have its distinct dignities, but hereditary gout eclipses these.

I have discovered, in recent years, that the garrulous gouty man is often an individual who includes under the name of gout every known distemper. You complain of a particular headache, recurrent at certain periods—a headache for which you have taken many drugs with futile result. "My dear fellow!" this person will exclaim, with eyes flashing both sapience and conviction, "do you know what is the matter with you? It's nothing more or less than Suppressed Gout!" In the same way, if your throat troubles you, if you have been annoyed by catarrhal ills, if you are beset by "that tired feeling" (so dear to the advertising quacks), if you have known certain rheumatic qualms, of late, in joints or muscles, if even you have been weighed upon by melancholia, not to speak of having formed a modest yet vivid impression that the entire universe owes its general faultiness to the fact of your unavoidable absence while it was first conceived and planned—then Suppressed Gout, and no other thinkable agency, has marked you for its own! Your fanatical adviser sometimes will succeed in sending you to a physician in whose great skill he just then devoutly believes. You are immediately treated by this practitioner for Suppressed Gout, and nothing else, for he is a gentleman who traces every human disorder to one madigin source. He soon makes you entirely confident that you have been "gouty" for a decade past, and haven't known it. But now, when you are firmly convinced of it, you grow garrulous about it, as a matter of course. You gather together your little coterie at your club, and deliver to them your little semi-weekly lecture on the folly of letting Suppressed Gout remain in a state of suppression. The legitimate and acutal gouty man becomes your ally, and beamingly joins you. He proposes that you try some Lithia water and Holland gin. You loathe Holland gin, but out of pure respectful loyalty you guip a little of it down. Then suddenly you remember that the gouty man not long ago (while he was beginning to weave about you his persuasive toils) had praised the harmless properties of Scotch whisky. And soon you begin to understand that the principles and precepts of your friend are shrouded by the mystic fog of his garrulity. He changes them very often, but he always goes on talking of them with unaltered zest. His theories of eating and drinking are terribly unstable, but his gout, as a subject of discourse and harangue, remains imperishable. In a few more months, when you indignantly reproach him for having sent you on a wrong track, it is ten chances to one that he will not even remember having ever counseled you to treat yourself for Suppressed Gout. He is always telling somebody to do it, and he forgets your special victimization and betrayal amid multitudes of others. This is what makes the gouty man dangerous; but in many respects he is quite the reverse; and if science should hereafter eliminate him from the whole social problem, I am doubtful whether his disappearance would be completely salutary. It would almost seem like getting rid of the weather as a permanent conversational resource. For is not the garrulity of the gouty man, after all, a trustworthy fountain of commonplace? And would not the ceasing of its outflow leave in our daily intercourse certain arid spots whose irrigation we have neither wit nor wisdom enough to supply?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A NICKEL-PLATED ROAD.

ARE the rails and engines all nickel-plated? Indeed, time and again, by parties who are contemplating a trip West over this now famous and popular road. But, where did it get its name of Nickel Plate? That is the question! What is it about the rail and engine equipment, superb dining-cars, fast time, and, above all, by its service to the public the *lowest rates* of any *first-class* line, between the East and West. Popular low rate excursions are of frequent occurrence, and every attention is shown its patrons for their comfort and pleasure. Through palace sleeping-cars are run between Boston, New York and Chicago, over the Fitchburg, West Shore, and Nickel Plate Roads. All information as to *low rates*, through sleeping-cars, etc., may be obtained of your nearest ticket agent, or by addressing F. J. Moore, General Agent, Nickel Plate Road, 21 Exchange Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



A LOVE SONG

Sing again, with thy sweet voice,
A tone
Of some world far from home,
Where music and moonlight
Are one.

E A WEEK.



FROM A PAINTING BY C. KIESEL.

LOVE SONG.

, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
e world far from ours,
sk and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

J. TUBLEY SUDDS DINES OUT.

The guests all arrived there too soon, but then dinner was late coming in.
The bread was cut awfully thick, however, the soup was quite thin.
The eggs were a little too old, as an offset the cheese was right new.
The butter exceedingly white, but the milk seemed a beautiful blue.
The fowl was a little too rich, still the dressing, we noticed, was poor.
The turnips were bad as could be, yet they gave us a bountiful store.
The olives were fearfully salt, but the children delightfully fresh.
The biscuit would flake not nor scale, but we noticed some scales on the fish.
The guests as a rule were all big, however, the roast duck was small.
The cutlets were dreadfully burned, but the steaks correspondingly raw.
We could see that the grapes were well mashed, but then the porto toes were not.
The coffee was clammy and cold, but the host and his lady were hot.
The servants were awfully sour, but the pickled tongue somehow was sweet.
The toast was a great deal too dry, but the buns were too soggy to eat.
The oysters were fearfully tough, but tenderly fragile the shad.
And the flies were a great deal too gay, but the cookies were mournfully sad.
The madam was snappy and short, to atone it, the pie-crust was long.
The tea it was helplessly weak, but the omelettes were manfully strong.
The tarts were all puffed out of shape, but the jelly was awfully flat.
When the sherry ran short then water in plenty made up for all that.
The tone of the waiters was sharp, the edge of the cutlery dull.
And the guest with the emptiest glass was suspected of being most full.
And taking that dinner all round, with its lacks and its make-ups galore,
Twas the evenest, best-balanced meal I ever sat down to before.

A. W. BELLAW.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

SWEDEN CELEBRATES THE TERCENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH. THREE hundred years ago, on the 9th of December, Gustavus Adolphus, sometimes called "the hero of Protestantism in the North," was born into this world which he was destined to dazzle by the splendor of his military achievements.

Sweden, proud of her monarch's fame, will honor him with a splendid celebration of this centenary anniversary, which will occur next Sunday. At Stockholm the King and all the Court will participate in meetings, processions and concerts honoring the memory of him who made bold Tilly retreat, and who promenaded his little army through Germany with the ease of a father taking his children out for a walk on a summer day.

The students will sing songs reciting the great King's valiant deeds, and from one end to the other of the little kingdom the story of the illustrious son of Charles IX. will be told in oration and in song.

Gustavus II., known in history as Gustavus Adolphus, was born at Stockholm. The year 1594, which



KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN.

QUEEN SOPHIA OF SWEDEN.

saw his entrance into the world, was a period full of political disturbances. The young Prince was brought up among wars and rumors of war, and from his earliest youth he received a distinctly martial training.

But this did not hinder him from acquiring an education remarkable even for a prince in those days. We have the authority of the famous Chancellor Oxenstiern that Gustavus Adolphus spoke Latin, German, Dutch, French and Italian as purely as his native language, and also "had some foretaste of the Russian and Polish tongues." After he had assumed the throne, he kept up his diligent reading of classical authors; and in the windy and rainy nights during his expedition in Germany, he was often found in his tent serenely poring over the work of Xenophon, whom he considered the Prince of military historians.

Gustavus Adolphus learned the business of government at an age when most boys are playing with toys. This was lucky for him, for in 1611 his father died, and he, a young man of eighteen, was made King.

He found Sweden surrounded with enemies. Poland, Russia, Denmark were preying upon her; half a century of civil strife had exhausted the energies of the people, and the nobles were half inclined to be rebellious.

Out of these unpromising materials the young King built up a new national spirit, and a national army which went into battle singing hymns, and prayed upon its knees before and after victories.

He fought wars with Denmark and Russia over boundary questions, and gradually affirmed the complete independence of his nation. He prevented Russia from planting herself on the Baltic coast; and reduced the pretensions of Sigismund, King of Poland, who wished to re-establish his rights to the Crown of Sweden—rights which he had been obliged to resign because of his Catholic opinions.

But nothing in his previous career had prepared the world for his great success in Germany, when he took the field there against the powerful House of Austria.

which was raising itself to absolute supremacy upon the wrecked and shattered edifice of German Protestantism. His enemies laughed when in 1630 he landed on the Pomeranian coast with a tiny army of fifteen thousand men. It seemed but a mouthful for the enemy marshaled by Tilly and Wallenstein to swallow. Yet when it broke down Austrian authority at one blow on the field of Breitenfeld, in 1631; when he made the famous westward march to the Rhine, driving out the Imperial garrisons before him; and when, on that foggy November day at Lützen, he laid down his life while his soldiers were winning the victory which caused Wallenstein's retreat into Bohemia, he was at once hailed as one of the greatest figures of his time.

Dying in the press of battle at the age of thirty-eight, he left an imperishable renown. He improved the art of war, and his forces handled artillery and muskets as they had never, at that period, been handled before.

After his death Germany relapsed into semi-barbarism for the rest of the epoch of the Thirty Years' War. The body of the great King was buried in the Riddarholm Church at Stockholm. The Swedish capital possesses a superb monument to Gustavus Adolphus, and the German nation, many years ago, erected a memorial stone on the spot where the King fell on the stormy field of Lützen.—(See page 5.)

QUAINT HEADGEAR.

FANTASTIC HATS AND BONNETS IN OLDEEN TIMES.

"It is rather difficult," says a noted authority, J. R. Planché, "to say when caps or bonnets were first worn by women in England. Something like a flat-topped bonnet appears in the thirteenth century; but until the fifteenth nothing that can decidedly be pronounced a cap or bonnet is either mentioned or depicted."

That some form of headdress, ornamental or otherwise, has always been in use, even in times of the greatest antiquity, is certain. By referring to the picture on page 13 it will be seen that in the Egypt of Cleopatra's time the hood was little more than an ornamental headdress. The hood worn in England during the tenth century, also shown, was evidently designed to protect the wearer from severe weather, as it covered all of the head, neck and shoulders, leaving only the face exposed.

The hood was made to hang low over the mantle, the end reaching nearly to the waist.

In England in the thirteenth century a strange custom began to appear. The bonnet or cap was so fashioned that it might be worn without disarranging the hair beneath. The result was that two horn-shaped twists were formed on each side of the bonnet.

Simple as the idea was in the beginning, to such extremes did it develop that by the fifteenth century it was said of the ladies that "they appeared like unto oxen or great stags with horns far reaching." The famous steeple headdress, worn toward the latter part of the fifteenth century, is thus described:

"About this time the ladies wore on their heads round caps gradually diminishing to the height of half an ell or three-quarters, and some had them with loose kerchiefs atop, hanging down sometimes as low as the ground."

Writing of this fashion, Addison, in the *Spectator*, points out that "the women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher had not a famous monk attacked it with great resolution and zeal."

He is said to have preached to an immense congregation, "the men placing themselves on one side of his pulpit and women on the other, that appeared like a forest of cæsars with their heads reaching the clouds."

So earnestly were the women warned against the folly of wearing such monstrous ornaments on their heads that for a short time the "steeple" was in some disfavor. Though it disappeared while the preacher was with them, some months after he had gone away the fashion began to revive. "The women like snails in a flight had drawn in their horns and shot them out again as soon as the danger was over."

After the decline of this strange fashion the hats and bonnets became much smaller in size. The "Milan" bonnets of Henry VIII.'s time were worn by men and women alike. Those worn by the noble ladies were adorned with feathers and worn over curls of gold net-work.

White caps were worn by women of the middle class toward the latter part of the same King's reign, but nothing has come down to us concerning their form. There was a curious and interesting law relating to the use of these caps, for it is recorded that in the thirty-second year of the reign of Henry VIII. the Mayor and Corporation of Chester, England, decreed "that to distinguish the headdresses of married from unmarried women no unmarried woman should wear white or other colored caps."

At the close of the seventeenth century another unsightly and towering headdress made its appearance. It was called a "Commode." This was a satirical name, as nothing so inconvenient could possibly be thought of. It is thus described:

"The cap was plain and close-fitting behind, but the front displayed a tower of three or four stories high, a pile of ribbons and lace disposed in regular and alternating tiers, or the ribbons were formed into high stiffened bows and covered or not, as it might happen, by a lace scarf or veil that streamed down each side of the pinnacle."

In the "Ladies' Dictionary," of 1694, it is described as "a frame of wire two or three stories high, fitted to the head and covered with tiffany or other thin silks, being now completed into the whole headdress."



GUSTAVUS, CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

The "Commode" went out of fashion in the reign of Queen Anne. Of it was written in 1711: "Ladies who were once near seven foot high, at present want some inches of four."

"On my head a huge commode sat sticking,
Which made me show as tall again."

After the "Commode," or tower, as it was sometimes called, there came into fashion, in 1756, "the most extraordinary invention for the adornment of the head of this or any other age, which received the name of capriole or cabriolet." Although this was not, strictly speaking, either a hat or bonnet, it was made to answer as such.

In the "Connoisseur" we are told that "instead of the cap the mode is for every female to load her head with some sort of carriage. The curiosity," says the writer, "I had of knowing the purport of this invention and the general name of the machine led me to make inquiries of a fashionable milliner. The vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads and was drawn by six dapple grays of blown glass with a coachman, postilion and gentleman within of the same brittle material."

The "Calash," another remarkable bonnet, was, 'tis said, introduced in England in 1765 by the Duchess of Bedford. It was hood-shaped, made like the covering of the carriage called in France calèche (to pull over the head), whence its name.

Pictures of the hats and bonnets of later periods are shown in the illustration. It is interesting to note, on referring to the hats worn by the peasants of more modern times, that the forms of the headdresses of these people in a noticeable manner reproduce those of the noble ladies of older times.

Truly Fashion, as well as Time, works wonders.—
(See page 13.)

WALTER BOBRETT.

SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY

OF

ONCE A WEEK

Forthcoming Novels:

A GLANCE at the following list of new novels, which will be published consecutively in the Semi-Monthly Library of ONCE A WEEK, will suffice to inform readers of the remarkable advantages to be gained by becoming subscribers to the Library. Every book on this list is a first-class novel, the names of the authors being in most cases a sufficient guarantee for the quality of work to be expected. Under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to secure any of these books, on the first day of their appearance, for less than one dollar. By subscribing to ONCE A WEEK Library, the novels are secured and received immediately upon publication for the nominal cost of about six cents each. When the high price of the copyright of any one of these novels is taken into consideration (about \$5.00 each), it will be seen that the rates at which they are offered to subscribers are phenomenally low.

THE ANSWER TO A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE,

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

A COMMON STORY,

By the great Russian novelist, IVAN GONTCHAROFF.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

TWO NEW NOVELS,

BY WALTER BESANT.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEROLD STRASSE,

BY E. JUNKER.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MISS GOOD FOR NOTHING,

BY W. HEIMBURG.

THE LITTLE MARCHIONESS,

BY PATROCINIO DE BIEDMA.

GLORIA VICTIS,

BY OSSIP SCHUBIN.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES,

BY JEAN DE LA BRETE.

Magistrate (to witness)—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife?"

Witness—"Yes, sir."

Magistrate—"Tell the court, if you can, what they seemed to be doing."

Witness—"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with a fretting disease. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind and colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

THE COURT OF THE ROMANOFFS.

AT an election held by the Russian nobles in 1613 Michael, son of Archbishop Feodor Romanoff, after receiving the majority of votes, was duly proclaimed the Czar. This was a necessary proceeding, as the last ruler, a Czar of the Rurik dynasty, had passed away without family or issue. In the Kitai Gorod of Moscow there is still preserved the house of Michael Feodorovitch Romanoff and in the Kremlin treasury is kept his jeweled chair.

Since the time of Michael there have been eighteen Romanoff Czars:

1. Michael Feodorovitch	1613-16	Elizabeth	1741
2. Alexei Mikailovitch	1645-11	Peter III	1762
3. Feodor Alexeivitch	1676-12	"Catherine the Great"	1762
4. Ivan Alexeivitch	1682-13	Paul I	1796
5. "Peter the Great"	1699-14	Alexander I	1801
6. Catherine I	1723-15	Nicholas I	1825
7. Peter II	1727-16	Alexander II	1855
8. Anna	1730-17	Alexander III	1881
9. Ivan III	1740-18	Nicholas II	1894

"Make way for us," said a prisoner, as he coolly kicked the bloody heads to his right and left, "make way here, make way!" said the condemned, as he smilingly laid his head upon the gory block. As the executioner raised his ax, Peter the Great, who was witnessing the executions, pardoned him, remarking that there was good stuff in a man of that kind. He became Peter's faithful adherent, and rose to the command of his armies, wearing the title of Prince Orloff. From that day to this the Orloff family have occupied a prominent position in Russian affairs.

During the reign of Catherine II. Prince Orloff purchased a diamond for four hundred thousand dollars, which he presented to the Empress. Catherine's "Orloff Diamond," the bar-shaped gem the "Shah of Russia" and the "Pigeon's Egg Ruby," belonging to the Russian Crown, are three out of ten of the greatest gems in the world.

Catherine's literary aspirations found vent in her attempt to establish a "Salon" on the lines of those she had seen in Paris. Her rules graven upon a tablet still hang in a hall of the "Hermitage." Putting the velvet curtain aside, we read the curious commands:

1. Leave your hat and rank outside, and especially your sword.
2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling, outside the door.
3. Be gay, but do not break or gnaw anything.
4. Sit, stand, walk as you will, without reference to any one.
5. Talk moderately and not very loud, so as not to make the ears and heels of others ache.
6. Argue without anger and without excitement.
7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make any one feel bad.
8. In any innocent games proposed, let all join.
9. Eat whatever is savory, drink with moderation, that each may find his legs on leaving.
10. Tell no tales out of school; whatever goes in one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room."

The golden Angel upon the slender spire of the fortress Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul by its dazzling reflection first announces the rising sun to the people of St. Petersburg. Three hundred feet below the Angel, amid palms, burning tapers, amid the soft and mellow light thrown by the Cathedral's jeweled windows, lie



JUANITO MANEN, JR., THE BOY VIOLINIST.

wooden church that was erected in 1326. Here all the Czars since Ivan's time have been crowned. The Iconostasis, or jeweled screen, that separates the sanctuary and two side altars from the rest of the church would seem to rival the treasures of Golconda. This screen is a high wall of malachite with five rows of figures framed in gold; these Virgins and Saints are covered with breastplates, diadems, bracelets and necklaces blazing with diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, rubies and pearls. The value and splendor of this screen is beyond all conception. The side walls of this sacred shrine are also covered with diamond bedecked "Icons." From its vaulted roof hangs a forest of silver candelabra.

In St. Andrew's Hall of the "Bolshot" Palace is found the Imperial throne of Russia. All visitors to the Kremlin are allowed to feast their eyes upon it to their heart's content.

Upon occasions of ceremony the maidens of the Czarina wear the national "Kakochnik" headdress—a diadem of pearls backed with red velvet from which hangs a white veil. The ceremonial robe is also red velvet covered with Asiatic embroidery in gold.

The Emperor on entering the throne-room is preceded by the Court herald, who announces his coming, while the masters of ceremony keep the crowd of princes, generals and ambassadors at a proper distance.

The insignia of the Russian sovereigns are the emblems of sovereignty used at the coronation of a new Czar. They consist of the Czar's fourteen-pound crown, the Czarina's diadem, the Orb carried in the Czar's left hand, the Sceptre for his right hand. The collar of St. Andrew hangs around his neck, and upon his left breast shines the Star of the same order. His sword and buckler are born by generals of the army.

The Crown Jewels are distinctly separate from the "Insignia" and are kept in the Kremlin treasury, where they are loaned to any member of the royal family who will sign a receipt for them. But, notwithstanding all that, the celebrated set of pearls worn by the Czarina is her private property. They were presented to her on her birthday by the late Emperor, Alexander III., who ransacked the world in order to add to his wife's already costly collection.—(See page 4.)

TWO FAMOUS MUSICIANS.

EUGENE YSAYE AND JUANITO MANEN, JR.

AMONG the European musicians visiting the United States during this season there are none more celebrated than Eugene Ysaye, the great violinist, who is adding fresh laurels to his fame nightly. The king of instruments in his competent hands voices every emotion of the human heart, from woe to mirth—from tears to laughter.

Ysaye is a tall, rather stout, erect man of thirty-six, as artistic in his nature as he is in his skillful manipulation of the violin. He can choose his own tours, for his concerts are equally popular in all parts of the world. He will receive twenty thousand dollars for the forty concerts he is delivering here this season.

Extraordinary talent is exhibited at an earlier age in music than in any other of the arts. One of the youngest of the great musicians on the stage is Juanito Manen, Jr., who was born on March 14, 1884, at Barcelona, Spain. This young gentleman began playing the piano when only four years old and took up the violin at the age of five.

Three years later he gave public exhibitions of his remarkable skill on the latter instrument at Valeria and Barcelona. His recitals attracted such wide attention that he was invited to play in the royal palace in Madrid. A foreign tour was arranged for him the following year, during which he filled engagements at Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Havana, Mexico and Paris. In Mexico, he played before President Diaz by special invitation. The enthusiasm created by his renditions was so great that he was awarded gold medals in three of the above cities. He is now making a tour in the United States, where he will give fifty concerts before returning to the French capital next May.

Juanito is a bright, handsome boy, with the black



EUGENE YSAYE, THE CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.

the Romanoff Czars—ranged in line before the altar lie the Imperial dead, as if in silent adoration of their Grand Supreme Commander.

On the banks of the silent Moskva stands Moscow's ancient fortress, the Kremlin. Removing our hats, we enter the "Spaski" gate, which was built in 1491. "Ivan Veliki's" tower at once rivets our attention, for in its strong embrasures hang no less than thirty-four bells; the sixty-four ton "Assumption" bell hangs in its lower story, while swinging aloft, far up in the frosty air, chime two sweet bells of silver.

Near by is Russia's most sacred edifice, the Cathedral of the Assumption, built in 1475, on the site of the

eyes and swarthy complexion of his race. He has a splendid physique, and is noticeably erect. He has all a boy's love for a uniform, which is evidenced by the bright brass buttons that adorn a blue coat.

He has never been to school, but studies under his father, Juanito Manen, who is a professor of music. He devotes three or four hours a day to the study of his chosen art and travels only under the care of his parents. Mendelsohn and Wienawski are his favorite masters, and nothing that those great artists wrote is too difficult for him to render on his beloved "Guarnerius."

He has composed a few pieces himself, but it is as a violinist, not as a composer, that he is remarkable.

CHAMPIONS OF THE WHEEL.

THE INTERNATIONAL BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

FIVE years ago the International Bicycle Tournament held in the Madison Square Garden last week would have attracted comparatively little attention, for interest in wheeling has had a tremendous impetus during the past three or four years, not only in this country, but throughout the world.

The usual amount of record-smashing was done at the tournament. Every meeting of the kind seems to accelerate the speed of the wheels. In this issue of ONCE A WEEK we give a group of some of the most famous of the world's crack riders. Arthur A. Zimmerman, the American, is too well known to require a biographical sketch here. Lucien Lesna, the long-distance champion of Europe, presents the most striking figure. He is thirty-one years old and a native of Switzerland. His height is only five feet five inches and his weight one hundred and forty-three pounds. He began racing in 1891.

Alfred C. Edwards, the crack English rider, was born in London twenty-two years ago. He speaks French, Spanish and Italian almost as readily as English. Alex Verheyen, though only twenty years old, has enjoyed an international reputation for three years. He comes from Frankfort-on-the-Main and is called the "German Apollo of Cycling."

For five years Luigi Colombo, of Florence, has been winning laurels throughout Italy. He is a little fellow and one of the most graceful riders of the wheel.

Adrien Guerry is the prime bicycle favorite of *tout Paris*. He is a wonderful rider and is big enough to make two of the Italian champion.

A. T. Crooks, of Buffalo; G. H. Van Emburgh, commonly called the Bay Wonder, and H. C. Tyler are a trio well known wherever wheeling has an enthusiast.—(See page 13.)

OUR NEW NOVELS.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF ISSUES IN "ONCE A WEEK'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY."

WHAT a seductive list of new novels ONCE A WEEK is able to lay before its subscribers at this holiday season, beginning with the superb and fascinating Christmas story by the popular English writer, Annie S. Swan, to be delivered in novel form with the next issue of our sprightly and entertaining paper! "An Answer to a Christmas Prayer" is one of the most entertaining stories in a series which has been from the first a galaxy of brilliant names. It gives charming glimpses of life in the "upper Bohemia" of London, and incidental peeps at the careers of great actors and actresses. Annie S. Swan is a careful observer, and a realist who paints life as she finds it.

Next in order in the semi-monthly succession will come "A Common Story"—a novel of uncommon interest and power by the eminent Russian novelist, Ivan Goncharoff; and after it a story called "When Dreams Come True," by Edgar Saltus, whose pictures of American life are so highly appreciated. Then another entertaining work by Rider Haggard, entitled "Montezuma's Daughter," will follow; after which Walter Besant will contribute one of his delightful novels which, while full of breezy description and romantic incident, also works in the direction of popular reform.

Edgar Fawcett's crisp and sparkling novel—"The Best Match in Town"—will next give some striking pictures of metropolitan life; and in pleasant procession will follow novels by Junker, Heimburg, Patricio de Biedma, Ossip Schubin, and Jean de la Brette.

Bear in mind that any one of these works, purchased at retail, would cost from one dollar to a dollar and a half; and that, by subscribing to the ONCE A WEEK Library, the cost to the subscriber is barely six cents each. Thus the best of literature is brought to your doors at a price which no one can refuse to pay.



RATS AGAIN FOR DINNER? IT'S ALWAYS RATS—I'M SICK OF THEM!

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

November 24.

IT is often asked, "In a country where there is no Court, who makes the fashions?" I believe that it is the conjunction of *modiste* and public; certainly not one without the other. The most startling and original creations are most frequently intended to be displayed behind the footlights, and their success or failure often hangs with the wearer. Again, a mode may be designed by some exclusive house for a beautiful society queen. Her circle see and admire it, and their dressmakers copy. Eventually, it meets with the same fate that overtakes the first—the big shops obtain the model, copy it in a cheaper material without the *cachet* that distinguished it on its first appearance, and, in a vulgarized form, it is thrown on the world. This is what the Louvre and Bon Marché have already done to some of the prettiest of the fall models. They have copied what were the exclusive modes of the private houses, and are sending out these imitations in large numbers. Their appearance in America is what has provoked Paul Bourget's criticism in "Outre Mer" on the dress of American women, which, he says, is an exaggerated copy of the Frenchwoman's. This is not entirely true, for the fashions adopted in America are the real French modes; only they have lost, in many cases, the distinction of their *premiere*.

An interesting gown, which, in spite of its simplicity, could only be worn by a smart woman, is of watered bengaline in a rich shade of purple. A four-inch band of black caracole is carried about the bottom of the skirt in deep points, with a tiny edge of *bucrre*-colored guipure bordering both sides of the fur. The full gigot sleeves are of the bengaline; but the rest of the bodice consists of a fitted waist of caracole trimmed in front with guipure lace figures, jetted, and appliqued on to the fur. I must describe a magnificent dinner gown designed for a real Russian Princess, but still on the couturière's hands, since the Russian Court has gone into mourning. This gown has a skirt of a rich black brocade showing tiny gold spangles in its folds. It extends crisply into a full demi-train and is finished about the bottom by a rope of gold embroidery in green velvet. The round-necked bodice is a loose blouse of cloth of gold; over this, front and back, is a tight piece of black gauze, arranged like the bib of an apron and showing the gold blouse through its meshes. This gauze is edged with a narrow fold of green velvet, and is richly embroidered in gold and tiny green stones. It is held on each shoulder by a jeweled butterfly. The sleeves are very novel. They consist of a huge puff falling to the elbow on the inside of the arm; but, on the outside, caught up to the shoulder with a butterfly bow of green velvet, with two long ends of embroidered black gauze falling to the elbow. An opera cloak shown me at the same house is of stiff white satin with loose sprays of lovely purple and lilac wisteria scattered over it. It is lined with lilac satin and falls straight from the neck to hem with a huge Watteau plait in the back. There is a collarette of purple velvet cut into scallops and edged with black fur, each scallop being held with an immense gold filigree button. Similar buttons fasten the garment at intervals down the front. The large brocade sleeves are gathered into wristbands of black fur. The cloak is finished with a high turnover Directoire collar opened in front over a jupon of black lace and fur, which falls to the hem of the garment.

In many of the evening cloaks, and those designed for carriage wear over an elaborate toilette, the fashionable box-plaits are used to advantage. I described a long cloak laid in box-plaits in the back in a previous letter; but a garment shown me this week by an English house here elaborates on that fashion. This cloak, of heavy smooth-faced tan cloth, was combined with golden-brown plush. The fitted back was laid in narrow side-plaits, but the front was one immense box-plait which fell from throat to foot. Front and back, square tabs of plush edged with brown sable fell to the bust; and a band of plush, widening toward the hem and edged with fur, went down each side of the front. The huge plush sleeves were box-plaited and had turn-over cuffs of sable; and the high rolling plush collar was lined with the fur.

The fur boa bask in the sunshine of favor again, and the ridiculous little beasts with their claws and glass eyes that we have worn so long are now *passé*. Some of the new boas are very elaborate and have a multitude of tails—but to bring your old one up to date you have only to fasten it with a clever bit of lace and

tuck in an artificial flower or two of the fashionable purple red. Treat your muff in the same fashion, if you wish to give a Parisian touch to your winter furs.

The collars made of ostrich plumes grow lovelier. A favorite has the lower part of the collarette made of long plumes radiating from the neck, their curled tips making a natural border. Shorter tips stand up about the face. A gown showing a novel combination of color has the plain full skirt of peacock-blue caracole—*unulé*—that beautiful cloth which, in spite of the growing popularity of silk, still holds its own for dressy toilettes. About the hem is a band of cream guipure, jetted, and edged on both sides with a narrow band of glossy black fur. The bodice is a fitted waist of old rose velvet, completely covered by a loose blouse of heavily jetted cream guipure. This blouse falls below the waist and is held to the figure by a crush sash of old rose

offering to make to a young girl; the handkerchief, fan, fancy pins and hairpins, slippers and gloves may find a place in it. A bag of some sort is absolutely indispensable when the journey to and from parties has to be made on foot or in the cars. In such cases the slippers and gloves must be carried, and sometimes, too, an aigrette or other ornament for the hair, besides the handkerchief, etc. The bag shown in the illustration is made of light-blue brocaded satin. A circle of stiff pasteboard forms the foundation of the bottom and is covered on both sides with the brocade. The silk is then gathered round this and drawn together at the top with light-blue ribbon.

No. 2 is an ingenious little Needle-Case in which the needles are ready threaded for use. Such a gift would undoubtedly be appreciated by those who are troubled with weak or failing sight. The case is formed of a strip of morocco, three and a

are laced together with leather strings. The design on the top of each section imitating ribbon is burnt into the leather. The ragged edge of the frame is also burnt. A dainty Pincushion is shown in No. 8. It is about eight inches long and three wide. The cover is fine white linen daintily embroidered and laid over light-blue silk. The full frill is of lace over a silk one pinked out at the edge. Baby ribbon is laced round the base of the cushion and ends in many loops on either side.

No. 9 is a Scarfpin-Holder for a gentleman. The material is a strip of satin ribbon three inches wide and eighteen long. The upper part is doubled to form a bag for collar-buttons, links, etc. Below is fastened a strip of white cotton batting in which the scarfpins are kept. The whole can be rolled up and carried in the pocket.

An odd-looking and effective Whisk-broom-Holder, No. 10, is made of a short piece of rope with fringed ends. The centre may be variously decorated, or covered with satin, plush or brocade. The Medicine Case of morocco or linen, shown in No. 11, would be an acceptable gift to people of many ailments who like to keep themselves provided with remedies. It is cut in the shape of an open envelope; it is lined with satin and bound with silk ribbon. Six small bottles for camphor, witch-hazel, ammonia, etc., are held in place by baby ribbon casings. In the four corners are pockets for powders of different kinds. The case may be folded up, as shown in the cut.

FORTUNE IN THE TEACUPS.

JN the old country, telling fortunes with the leaves in the bottom of a teacup is a regular profession. Occasionally one comes across a "wise woman" even in our own country districts who is able to read marvelous things in the cup that cheers, but not inebriates. *Hearth and Home* gives the subjoined instructions in the art of reading fortunes in the teacup. They are worth remembering and will perhaps afford some harmless amusement in the pleasant hours devoted to afternoon tea:

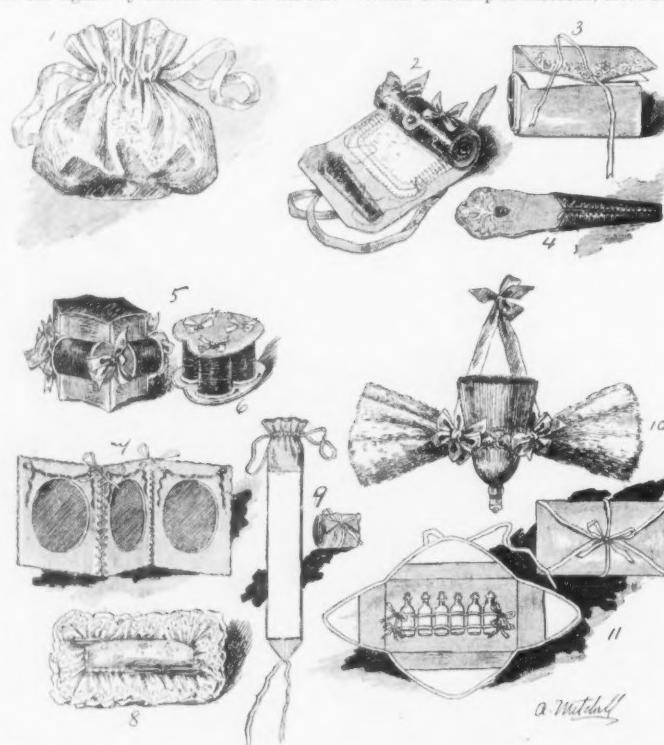
"A long tea-stalk floating on the cup denotes a stranger. If soft, a woman; if hard, a man; tall or short according to the length of the stalk. Stir the tea very quickly and hold the spoon upright in the centre of the cup. If the stranger comes to it he will arrive shortly, but if he makes for the edge of the cup, you must not expect him for some time. You may guess his station in life by his touching the back or bowl of the spoon. If the former he is a poor man; if the latter, rich. But you have not yet done with him; take him out and dry him, place him on the back of your left hand, strike him smartly with the back of the right, at the same time repeating the days of the week, beginning at the day then existing. On the day named that he leaves your left hand and sticks to the right you may expect him to arrive at the door."

"The teacup will also tell you the number of years that must elapse before you marry. If the process does not seem very reliable, we can only argue that it is probably as reliable as most other ways of reckoning this most momentous question. Balance the spoon upon the edge of your cup, taking care that it is perfectly dry; fill another spoon with tea, and let the tea drop gently from one spoon to the other. Every drop counting for a year."

"The teapot itself is not without its significance. If two people pour from the same pot, it signifies misfortune to one or the other during the year. If in making tea you forget to replace the lid on the pot, it is a sure sign of the arrival of a stranger."

"If you put the cream into the cup before the sugar, you will be crossed in love; if you put the sugar and cream in before pouring the tea into the cup, your children will have red hair! Two spoons in one saucer foretell a wedding. The bubbles that rise upon a teacup, if they come from sugar in the tea, are kisses; but if the tea has no sugar in it, money; to secure either you must skim them off, and sip them up from the spoon. These bubbles will also serve as weather-prophets, and probably be as trustworthy as any other; if they stay in the centre of the cup, the weather will be fine; if they rush to the sides, it will rain very shortly."

Pat—"Be very careful, now, Mary Ann, that I'm not disturbed this avenin'; fur, as you know, I'm very tired, and I always like to take a short nap before I go to shlape."



velvet edged with black fur. The tight velvet cuff to the elbow is edged with fur, top and bottom, the full upper sleeve being covered with the jetted lace, carrying out the idea of the bodice. The crush choker is of velvet edged with fur. The whole effect of this costume was rich and harmonious.

Another very lovely combination of color is golden brown and deep cornflower blue. A simple frock, which owed its effectiveness to cut and color, was worn at the Odéon lately. A pointed yoke with rever and large gigot sleeves were of golden-brown velvet. The round waist and full skirt were of brown wool perforated in broad vertical strips, with clusters of tiny tufts between them. The soft sash and throatlet were of blue velvet, fastening in the back with a smart chou.

Mme. Bernhardt opens with Sardou's new play next week, and there are several society plays booked for production next month. They will doubtless be occasions for the wearing of some novel gowns. I saw Mme. Sarah in a picture gallery the other day in a long tailed gown of black lace falling from under the huge furs she always affects. Her hat was an airy creation of black jet and tulle, with some dull-red roses falling on her tawny hair. The conspicuous feature of her costume was the tiny red heels on her shoes.

—
ETHELYN FRIEND.

HINTS FOR HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

IN the few weeks intervening between this and Christmas, busy fingers will be hard at work on the dainty home-made gifts which women like to fashion for those they love. Ideas for novelties are eagerly sought. Hence the suggestions conveyed in this article and illustrated in the accompanying cuts may be acceptable to many of the fair and industrious readers of ONCE A WEEK.

A Party Bag is always an acceptable

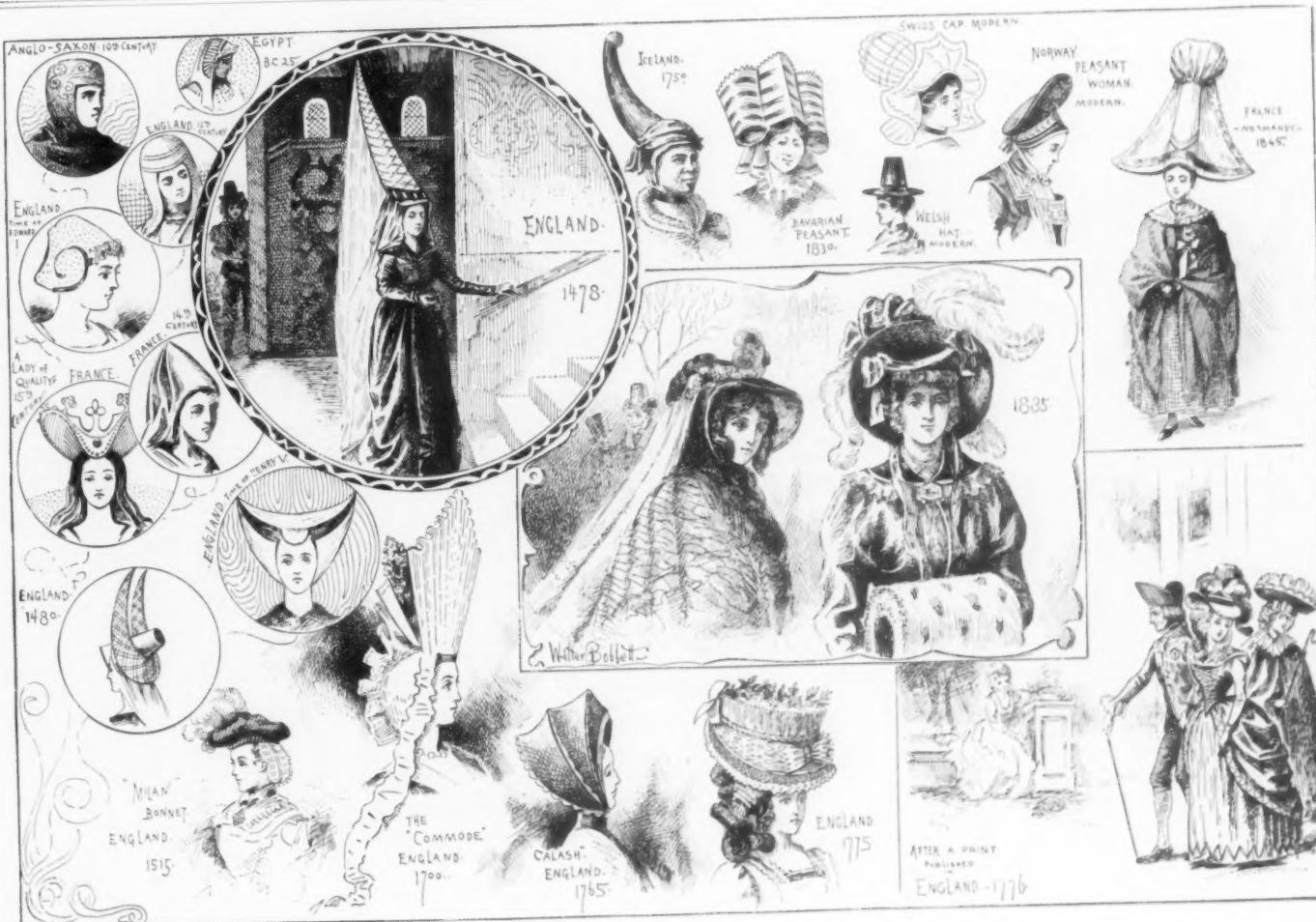
half inches wide and seven inches long, lined with satin in a pale shade. The upper end is rolled and fastened around two spools of thread. The thread from each of the spools comes out through an eyelet-hole in the roll and passes continuously through all the needles on one side of the case. These can be detached and used one by one as required. Between the spools is a hole for the thimble, and just below the roll are white flannel leaves for needles. A small scissors pocket is below. The case may be rolled up and fastened with ribbons. No. 3 is a little case for holding a paper of pins. It may be made of silk or satin and leather. It is just the width of a paper of pins and long enough to roll round it and fasten with a ribbon. A strip of baby ribbon, passed round the roll to the back of the case, keeps the pins in place. A Holder for a House or Office Shears is shown in No. 4. The back is made of olive wood, the upper part inlaid with wood of a different shade. The front is of dark-brown morocco bound with silk and laced together on the top with silk cord.

A Spool-Holder is a most useful addendum to a woman's belongings and should always be kept in a convenient place. Two are here shown. The first one, No. 5, is hexagon-shaped, about four inches high, each section being a little wider than a spool. The strips of pasteboard which form the foundation are covered with pink satin, then whipped together. The top is covered with velvet. Six spools of thread are strung on a ribbon about an inch wide and placed round the centre of the holder; the ribbon is tied in a smart bow, which can of course be untied at any time to renew the spools. The second Spool-Holder, No. 6, is made of two heart-shaped pieces of pasteboard covered with velvet and lined with satin. The three spools are held in place by three wires which are fastened to the upper heart by three tiny bows. No. 7 is a photograph frame of the popular material, burnt leather. The three square sections



SOME OF THE COMPETITORS IN THE GREAT BICYCLE TOURNEY.

(See page 11.)



QUAINT HEADGEAR—THE EVOLUTION OF THE HAT.

(See page 10.)

THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S SOLILOQUY.

DRAMATIS PERSONA.—*The Emperor of the Celestials.*
TIME.—*The Present Day.*
SCENE.—*A room in the Summer Palace, Pekin, overlooking the Royal Entrance. Soldiers mounted guard in the Courtyard.*

(The Emperor discovered seated before a mirror)—"To rouge or not to rouge? Ay! that is the question, and the rub follows quickly! Whether in view of this terrible mess which I'm in 'twere better to maintain my own yellow comeliness, and enhance it, perchance, with but a little pouche deriz, or risk the friction of

fere. Once give a Chinese woman the right to do what she likes, and there'll be such a run on—China—that the Chinese will be bankrupt.

"People say that she poisoned herself. Nothing of the kind! I ought to know better than those reporters. They don't mind what they write so long as it is 'copy.' What's the good of being Emperor with any amount of buttons, pig-tails and door-knobs, if I can't do what I choose with my own wife?

"She died of Lotos-Anti-Pickle—an ailment which I am afraid will become very fashionable now." (German band heard in the distance.)

"Ha! What's that? Methinks I've heard that tune before." (Sings.)

"Mike-Mike-Mike-a-do
Mike is a hoo-doo;
It's no matter what I do-o-o
Mike will always do-o-o
His will in China-o-o-o—" (Chorus without).

"Mike-Mike-Mike-a-do
It's no matter what you do,
You'd better get the cash
To give to Mike-a-do-o-o!" (Music ceases.)

"It's very hard to be reminded of the state of my Exchequer by a set of low



"TO ROUGE OR NOT TO ROUGE?"

my Empress Mother's lips, and adorn my sun-kissed cheeks with the contents of my private paint-pot.

"To daub or not to daub? Methinks a pale and sorrowful mien best befits this Chinese puzzle. Oh, those Japs!"

(He sneezes. Attendants fall on their knees, grovel, their foreheads buried in the dust, and chant in "chromo-monotone": "Oh! Ah! Oh! Ah! At a dace! At a dace! Oh! Ah! Oh! Ah!" The Emperor bows his acknowledgments. The suite rises.)

"Oh! Celestial land of my birth! art thou to be picnealed in lots? Is China to go to pot?

"By the beardless manes of my revered ancestors, perish the thought! Oh Confucius! thou who art all-powerful, wilt thou permit the land of flowery Pekoe, Ootong, Suchong, Goolong, and Canton-flame-long, to be laid in the dust by those little brownies? Ah! Innermost core" (the Sacred Ass in the courtyard brays)—"Ah! Innermost core" (the donkey brays again and again)—"Nay, Sacred Ass, say not e! a! 'Tis fraught with dire results; yet methinks mine ear is well attuned to thy music.

"Thrice hath the sacred donkey brayed. This must be looked into. Ho-la! Boabdil the soothsayer! what meaneth this? Thrice hath Balaamed lifted up his voice and wept in sorrowful tones e-a to my cry of core." (Flourish of trumpets in the courtyard.)

"My liege," thus saith Boabdil, "behold the answer comes." (Enter envoys covered with dust.)

"My liege, 'tis sad news I bring: Port Arthur is taken." (The Emperor buries his face in his hands. All retire.)

"Port Arthur taken! By the three-eyed peacock's feather! By my diamond button! By my three pig-tails! This is too much! Port Arthur taken! The naval stronghold of mine Empire gone!

The direct road to my capital insured! My people will rise up against the grinding tyranny of the Mandarins. Oranges will go up, and China will go to pieces!"

"Port Arthur taken! It cannot be nay, it must not be! China gone to smash, forsooth! I wonder what the state of my Exchequer is? Since I so neatly got ti

foreigners—I, Emperor of all China. Confucius says—no, it isn't Confucius, it's, I believe, a person called 'Billy Shakespeare': 'If it's to be done, it were better it were done quickly.' Shocking bad Chinese this Billy Shakespeare wrote! Rot, I call it!" (Opens safe.)

"Merciful Heavens! Not a bill, excepting unpaid bills! Not a tael, except a 'tael' of ruin! Why, I'm broke! Peru must have had an inkling of this. I was actually refused those half-dozen war vessels which I wished to purchase. Go to! An Emperor of China to be refused a little Peruvian bark!—on tick.

"Tick! happy thought. There's grandfather's clock, and the best egg-shell China teapot. I can't trust any one to take them to my Uncle Wing-Hang-Low; China is so fragile. But in the gloaming, I'll take them round myself. It's demoralizing for a mighty Emperor to put his China up the spout. But what else can I do? Oh, Core!" (The ass brays.)

"Sugar that donkey! This must be stopped! 'Tis an evil spirit lodged in the body of that donkey that thus disturbs my mind! Ah! I have it! 'Tis my evil genius Li Hung Chang himself who dwells in the head of the Sacred Ass. Sacred nothing! I will kill it! Rats and perdition! I will cut off its head, and thereby appease the manes of Confucius.

"A fool asked me the other day whether I had ever seen a dead donkey! Now I think of it I never have. Well, I'll see

one now, Mr. Balaamed, Balaamed, off with thy evil head!"

(Exit Emperor with drawn scimitar to "do" the donkey. Greek chorus chants "The Victor of Bray." Curtain.)

HALL CAINE ON ART AND ETHICS.

"MORAL Responsibility in the Novel and the Drama" was the interesting and weighty subject of an address given on November 7 at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution by the talented author of "The Manxman." Mr. Hall Caine believes in a very faithful presentation of life in art, and has treated certain subjects and situations with what to many of his readers must seem like startling freedom. Mr. Hall Caine essayed to vindicate his methods in such words as these:

"For my own part I have no complaint against the novel and the drama that love is its central theme. I don't believe the novel could exist, save in the hands of a great master (and with the addition of great wealth of local color, or foreign or old-world pageantry), without love as its axis; and I don't believe that without

run away from the one while you are compelled to expose yourself to the other. Don't shut your eyes in the street and open them only in the library. Don't be vexed with the author who tells you that for you, for your children, perils lie in wait—that man in the story was too fond of his sleep who was angry with the lizard that waked him when the viper was creeping into his mouth. Only, when a writer tells you of danger, look first to see what manner of man he is himself. 'All is proper to be expressed,' says J. F. Millet, 'provided our aim is high enough.' This is what I would say to the reader, and to the writer I would venture, if I dare, to give similar counsel. I would say to him: To the reader I have pleaded for freedom with truth; to you I plead for truth with freedom. If you are to be free to find your subjects in any scene of human life, remember that your responsibility as a man is the greater for your liberty as an artist. If you are allowed to get very close to human experience, beware lest you wrong it by want of reticence and sincerity. You are coming nearer than a brother, nearer than a sister. If you are to walk in the inner sanctuaries of the hearts of men and women, for God's sake have a care to walk as with God's eye on you."

THE LADY AND THE HAMMOCK.

IT happened, in the latter days of the century, when woman had come into the possession of many pockets in her apparel, and would oft usurp the cravat and immaculate shirt-front of her brother and her husband, and when she could see a mouse without screaming, and was wise enough to seek shelter during a rainstorm, that a maiden, who was not by any means second in the procession, swung her gaily-striped hammock beneath the trees in a shady lane.

Down the lane each day came three wooers, wooing not as they did in the lackadaisical past, but as befits this age of steam and electricity. Sometimes the three came together, oftener apart, but without fail, every day found them worshipping the damsel who swung in bejeweled beauty in her hammock.

And the maiden favored one not more than the other, but smiled on all alike, whereat the youths were sorely troubled, for behold! the maiden had coffers full of shekels, and the youths possessed little brass except that which grew and flourished in their several countenances.

And one day, when the maid had used all her arts to drive the youths distracted, and had nearly succeeded, she was weary and would fain rest from overmuch wooing. So she secretly devised a test, by which she would decide which of the three she would wed, and she disposed her flounces gracefully about her in her hammock, artfully thrust to view the tiniest point of the toe of an embroidered shoe, twined her round arms uncomfortably and picturesquely above her head, and feigned a deep slumber.

Soon she heard steps, and the first of the three approached. As he neared the maiden and saw that she slept, he stepped softly, lest the rustling of the grass might disturb her. He paused beside her hammock, bent over her with clasped hands and imprisoned breath, feasted his eyes on her manifold charms, whispered her name lingeringly and low, and turned away, as a pilgrim from a shrine.

As he tiptoed down the lane the maiden partly opened her eyes and smiled a knowing smile.

Soon she heard the second one come swinging down the lane, only to check his impatient feet as he perceived her slumber. Like the first one, he bent over the hammock, though not so reverently, and, before he turned reluctantly away, he dropped a fleeting kiss upon his love's forehead, from which the wind had fanned her becurled locks.

And again the maiden smiled after the retreating form.

A little longer yet the maiden waited, before steps turned down the lane, and she knew that the third lover was at hand.

This one did not stay or hush his steps as he beheld the sleeping damsel; neither bowed he reverently over, nor kissed her. Throwing himself in an exhausted manner into the garden chair beside the hammock, he removed his straw hat, mopped his perspiring forehead, and, fanning himself, settled down comfortably to await the maiden's awakening.

For the third time she smiled, and immediately awoke.

And before the next day's sun had set this maiden received matrimonial proposals from the three wooers.

And of the three one was accepted, and from that moment looked blissfully forward to the time when he should possess the beauteous maiden, and pay his tailor with shekels from her overflowing coffers.

Now which of the three, say you, did the maiden choose?

MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN.



THE CZAR NICHOLAS II. AND THE CZARINA.



"AH! AH! AH!"

of La-La-Lu-La-Ja-ho-No-La, my spouse. Mother has given me a little more pocket money. The amount of preserved Lotos blooms, and ants' eggs with birds-nest pickle that young woman ate ruined my temper. Besides, she wanted to inter-

love as the dominant theme the modern drama could exist at all. But I do complain that love in the novel and in the drama is painted too much from one point of view. It is the idyllic point of view, the sweet, sugar-and-candy, rosy, Aurora Borealis point of view. But love has its tragedies, its great clashings of passion, its wrecks and ruins. Surely these should have their place in art. For the most part the world sets its face against them. The farthest it will go is to recognize what one might call the spider and fly dramas of love. Man is the spider, woman is the fly, and the business of the novelist is to brush down the cobwebs. It has been known that in actual life the dramatis personae have been reversed, and the woman has been the spider and the man the fly, but that would never do for modern art. . . . God forbid that I should stand here as an apologist for what George Eliot calls 'the Cremona walks and shows of fiction.' But I want to stand here for the twin angels of freedom and truth. If the novel and the drama are to act upon life, they must be at liberty to represent it, not in one aspect only, but in all aspects; not in its Sunday clothes merely, but in its week-day garments; not in part, but altogether. You tell me that that is fraught with dangers. So it is, with great dangers. You say the world is not all fit for all eyes to look upon. True. But the dangers of life are worse than the dangers of books. Don't

CHESS.

BETWEEN THE GAMES.

ADOLF ALBIN has been more fortunate in his resumed match with Showalter than he was before the New York Tournament interrupted the play. He has drawn one game and won another, the score now being, Showalter, 6; Albin, 2; drawn, 1. The match is one of ten games up and is being played before the Manhattan Chess Club.

The success of "Eddie" Hymes, the Columbia College expert, in the recent tournament is likely to involve him in interesting matches. Rocomora is anxious to play him for fifty dollars a side, and Showalter has expressed a desire to challenge him when he has finished his match with Albin.

The City, Metropolitan, and Manhattan Clubs of New York are all busy with their fall handicap tournaments. It will be the first of the year before the new League of metropolitan clubs gets to work.

Mrs. Showalter has won three out of the first five games in her championship match with Mrs. Worrall. The third game was drawn and the fifth Mrs. Worrall won. Mr. J. W. Showalter is of opinion that the best game hitherto played between the two ladies is that in which his wife was defeated. In this the Brooklyn lady selected a Guioco Piano for the attack and the game proceeded with much spirit. Minor pieces were freely exchanged until nothing but the queens, rooks and pawns remained on the board after the twenty-fourth move. At the twenty-seventh move black allowed white to establish a passed pawn on king's file. The fight was then around white king's pawn. Later on white brought her queen and two rooks on the open king's knight's file, and after fifty-three moves Mrs. Showalter resigned. The match is for five games up.

The Manhattan Chess Club is willing to challenge any London club for a cable team match on five boards.

The City Club of London recently arranged an evening's play in which one hundred and eight of its members took part.

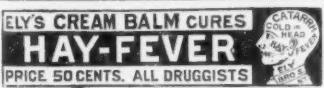
The Paris "Cercle des Echecs" has chal-

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ONCE A WEEK.

lenged the Nuremberg Chess Club for a match of two games, to be played by telegraph for one thousand dollars a side. As Messrs. Alapin and Janowski are among the members of the former and Dr. Tarasch is a member of the latter, a very interesting battle may be expected.

Professor Binet of Paris has published a volume on the "Psychology of Great Calculators and Players," which includes his remarkable investigations into the subject of blindfold chess and its connection with visual memory.

SHOWALTER vs. ALBIN.
Tenth game, played at the Manhattan Club, New York. French defense.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Showalter.)	(Albin.)	(Showalter.)	(Albin.)
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	17 B-K 2 (e)	Kt-K 1
2 P-Q 4	P-Q 4	18 Kt-K 1 KIP	R-K 5 (g)
3 Kt-Q B 3	Kt-K B 3	19 R-K	B-Q 5
4 B-K 5	B-K 2	20 Kt-B 3	R-R 6
5 B x Kt	R x B	21 R-Q Kt	Q-Q 5
6 P-K 5	B-K 2	22 R-Kt 3	K-R 8
7 Q-Kt 4	Castles	23 K-Kt (h)	R x R
8 B-Q 3	P-Q B 4	24 B-P x R	R-Q B
9 P x P	Kt-Q 2	25 R-Q B	B-R 6
10 Q-R 3 (a)	P-K R 3	26 R-B 2	Q x B P
11 P-B 4 (b)	Kt x B P	27 Q-Kt 3	Q-Q 5
12 Castles	P-K B 4	28 B-K 5	B-Kt 4 (f)
13 Kt-K B 3	Q-Kt 3	29 Q-Kt 6	R x Kt
14 Kt-Q 4 (c)	Kt-R 5	Resigns.	
15 Kt-Kt 5 Kt x P	P-R 3	2 h. 12 m.	1 hour.

NOTES BY ALBIN.

- (a) Played in order to prepare for pushing the K's Pawn after P-K B 4.
- (b) In the eighth game of the match white played here Kt-B 3 instead.
- (c) White seemingly overlooked here black's rejoinder Kt-R 5.
- (d) B-Kt 5 would be decidedly better, although black would get a strong and telling attack by means of Kt-Kt 6, Kt-R 5, etc., anyhow, but the queen would command an even file.
- (e) If Kt-K 4, Q-R 4; 18, K Kt-B 3, P-Kt 4; 19, Kt x Kt, P x Kt or B, winning a piece.
- (f) To give up the open Kt's file in this position would mean suicide.
- (g) This move prevents Q-Kt 3.
- (h) Forced, as mate is threatened.
- (i) After this move white has no hope whatever.

PROBLEM NO. 6.—BY F. MASCELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 6.

By CHAS. NEIGENT, N. Y.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt-B 3	P-K 6 (or A.B.)
2 Kt-K 4	K x Kt
3 R-Q 6, mate.	A.
	P.R 4
2 P-Kt 4 (e-h)	K-B 5
3 Kt-Q 5, mate.	B.
	P.R 4
2 Kt Q 5	P.R 5
3 Kt-K 4, mate.	

Correct solutions from S. Treinis, N. Y.

Correct solutions of Problems No. 1 and No. 3, from Chess Amateur, Saginaw, Mich.

H. M. Halsted, Tex., Kt-Q 6 is the only possible key move for No. 2.

H. L. E., Newport News, Va.—If K-Kt R 3, in No. 3, then black moves P-K 6, and mate in three moves is impossible.

Readers are invited to solve and criticize Problems published in ONCE A WEEK. Two weeks will be allowed to pass between the publication of a Problem and its Solution.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

HOW TO BALANCE A COIN AND TWO FORKS
ON THE EDGE OF A GLASS.

TAKE two small dinner-forks and place them so that the prongs overlap a little. Now take a silver half or quarter-dollar and slip it between the prongs. Holding



them together, place the coin on the edge of a glass. A position will soon be found in which the coin and forks will balance perfectly without assistance, the larger half of the coin being outside the glass. A professor of physics will tell you that the secret of this impossible-looking trick lies in the fact that the centre of gravity of the coin and forks is brought to the

point in the edge of the glass on which the coin rests. In plainer words, the whole weight of the coin and forks rests on the side of the glass.



By "A BLUE APRON."

ALMOND PASTE.—Blanch half a pound of almonds. The best way is to bring them to the boil over the fire in a little pan of water, then rinsing in cold water and rubbing the skins off in a clean cloth. Chop the almonds very small on a clean board, making sure that it is free from any other flavor, or pound in a mortar with a few drops of rose or orange-flower water. Have ready in a basin an ounce and a half of fresh butter, the same weight of pounded sugar and a few drops vanilla essence. Work these ingredients to a smooth paste with the back of a wooden spoon, adding the almonds and the yolk of an egg, a little at a time. Shake lightly in at intervals an ounce of grated chocolate or more, according to taste. Work carefully into a velvety paste. Use to spread over cake as an icing, sifting colored sugar over the top, or to spread between layers of sliced cake, which may then be pressed together and cut into fancy shapes. Butter may be omitted from the paste if preferred.

WALNUT CAKE.—Six ounces of flour, a tablespoonful each of sugar and chopped almonds, the yolk of a hard-boiled egg and that of a raw one, and two tablespoonsfuls of peeled and chopped walnuts form the materials for this cake. Mix all lightly, as for pastry, with a little water, the less the better. Bake in a round tin about the size of a dinner-plate. One with a turned-up edge, usually called a "sandwich pan," is the best. FOR THE FILLING.—Put in a stewpan the yolks of three eggs, half a gill each of milk and cream and three ounces of sugar. Stir over the fire until thick, but don't let it reach the boiling point. Take it off the fire, beat in the whites of the eggs and a quarter of a pound of chopped walnuts. Put in and over the cake, make the top smooth, and return to the oven to set. If you would like it garnished, use dried fruits or chopped pistachios, or simply a dust of pink sugar.

The Queen has ordered the English Court to go into mourning for the late Czar. The royal mandate runs as follows: "The ladies to wear black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers, and fans, pearls, diamonds, or plain gold or silver ornaments. After the 18th, the ladies to wear black dresses, with colored ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments, or gray and white dresses with black ribbons, flowers, feathers, or ornaments. The gentlemen to wear black Court dress, with black swords and buckles. The Court will go out of mourning on the 5th December. The Queen has intimated to the Commander-in-Chief her desire that the death of the Czar shall be marked in the Army by the same observances as were followed on the death of the late German Emperor."

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Nurse—"He says he isn't, but he has such a reputation for lying that I really believe he is."

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Headaches.

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NUMBER

DECEMBER 13 1894

ONCE A WEEK



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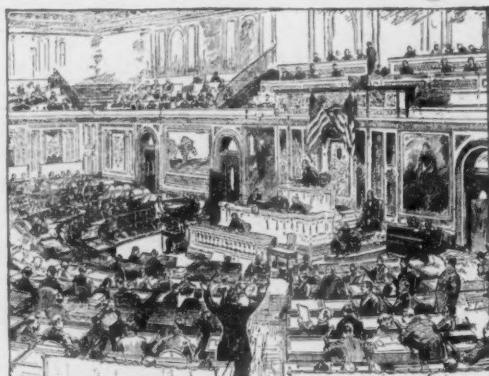
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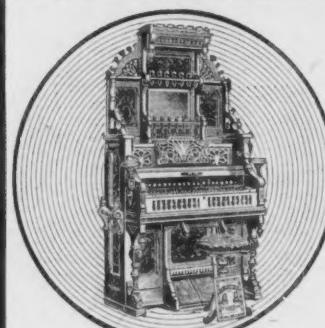
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